

FOOTPRINTS

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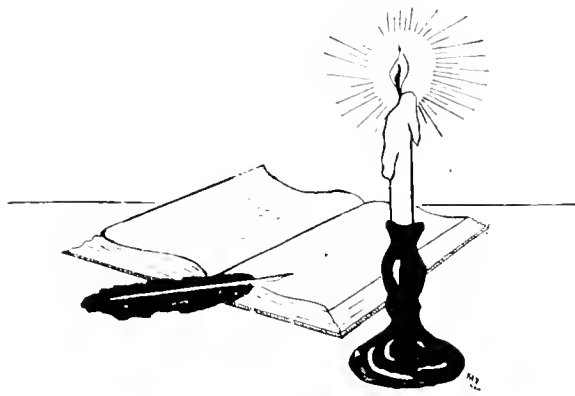


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FOOTPRINTS

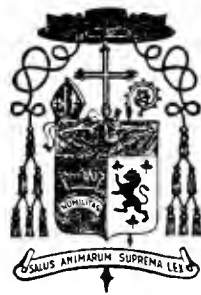
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1932



SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK





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President of St. Joseph's College

Staff of Footprints

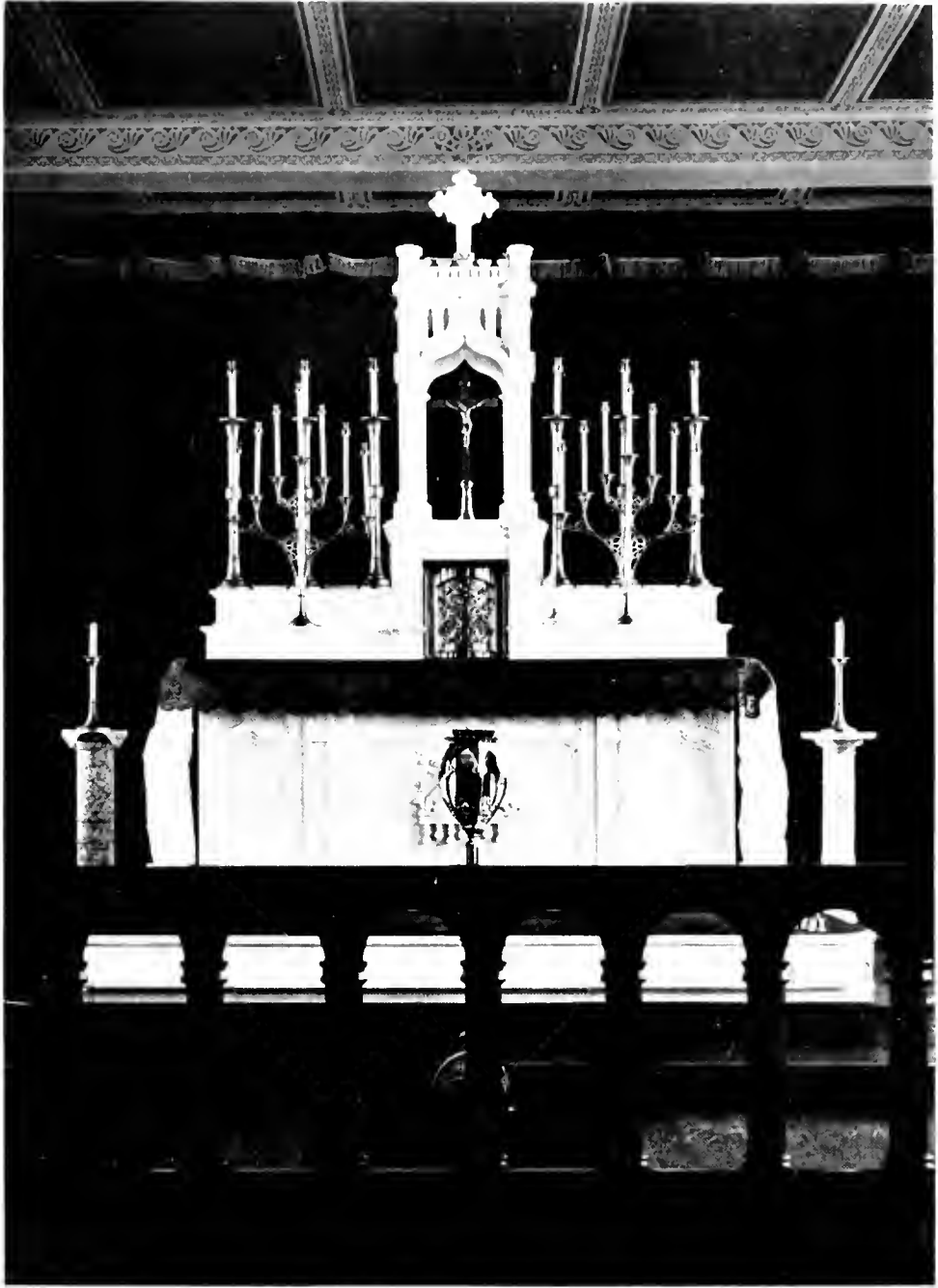
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» DEDICATION «

» **T**O THE CLASS
OF THIRTY-FOUR,
our sister class, we dedi-
cate this "*Footprints*"
issue of Loria.

To us, it is a symbol of
whatever of our hopes
and aspirations may have
been fulfilled.

May it be to them an
inspiration to climb to
far greater heights on the
ladder of our mistakes.



KATHRYN F. ANSBRO

IF someone asked you to characterize Kay, you'd immediately say, "friendly." She's one girl who has a smile for everyone, and the realest, most contagious laugh we have ever heard. That is probably because she is so real herself, and because she has found out how to get the best out of life. At any rate, she has tried to give a part of herself to everything, with the result that she has developed an amazing capacity for activity.

Kay is never "up a tree" in class; she has an answer for everything, and it's usually the right answer. Her ability to combine non-chalance with conviction has proved a rather valuable asset, especially when convincing a prof is at stake. However, it isn't just profs she's convinced, for it didn't take Thirty-Two long to discover her capabilities or apply them. As chairman of Alumnae Day in Junior year, member of the Junior Week and Senior Prom committees, Manager of Varsity basketball, and a four-year member of the class team, she kept pretty busy as far as extra-curricular activities were concerned. There's something else, though, that Kay is noted for—and that in no small degree. It's "Brothers."

Kathryn is the crystal-gazer who foretold Thirty-Two's future. We'd like to foretell hers. She's going to be busy, popular and happy in whatever she does. What more could we wish for friend Kay?



CHRISTINE A. BARTON

TINA has been called the "I. Q. girl," and without a doubt hers is a lot of I. Q. for one girl to carry around. However, the amazing thing about Tina is, that it never seems to bother her a bit. Of course, you know it's there, because French majors, people who get exemptions and A's, and presidents of the Cèrcle Molière must have it. But it doesn't keep her from being socially prominent, extremely popular, and a thoroughly indispensable sort of person. All of which is just by way of letting you know that Tina isn't a grind but a rare good fellow.

What a sense of humor! That note-scaling giggle! Well, you've read her verse—she was a member of the Loria Board and the FOOTPRINTS Staff—and you've heard her laugh—she can do that any time. Remember, too, how she worked for the Junior Prom and Senior Week committees? And how good she was in the French plays? And how sweetly she sang for Glee?

The greatest thing you'll remember about Tina, though, is her tidy soul. She always had the right thing done at the right time, and she wasn't afraid to admit that she had done her work. Hers was the real collegiate attitude. She is a genuine, sporting and altogether likable person.



KATHLEEN B. BISHOP

WHEN we think of Kathleen we do not consider her in terms of what she does or has done, but rather, of what she is. We are convinced that that is a tribute to anybody's personality. When the girl is more important than her works—however significant they may be—then she is definitely an individuality.

We should mention her really thoughtful work as a History major; we acknowledge her achievement in making college in three and a half years; we know her interest in social service, and we do remember her services on the last and best of our Class days, but these are in the nature of details in the portrait of Kathleen.

A description would seem to be in order. And we find to our delight that we may well leave out the more over-worked words. For charm we shall substitute arresting piquancy—charm seems to us too polished an attribute to describe Kay's spontaneity and utter naturalness. We are relieved to note that the light in her eyes is not divine—it is impish. Her attractive face is the day's best greeting—and any good time is better when she's there.

But fun-loving and gay as she is, there is background to Kay. The deeper and more substantial things are there. She is perfectly and beautifully sincere. She makes no friends that are not real friends—and they unanimously recognize their privilege.

Marion
Brennan



MARION M. BRENNAN

THE memory of many pleasant escapades and the knowledge of an imposing record of "tall doings," makes it difficult to find a beginning or reach an end to a story about Marion. Above all, she has always impressed us with her ability as an executive. Her opportunities to show that ability have not been few, for as Vice-President of the Junior Class and Chairman of the Social Service Group, she occupied positions of considerable responsibility. In fact, her work for the Social Service has been quite an achievement — an achievement in keeping with the time and effort she has put into it.

Marion's personality is a fine blend of all those traits that make a girl well-liked. She loves a good time—that's evidenced by her support of all college affairs; she knows how to apply herself—isn't she making college in three and half years? And always, she can be friendly, sympathetic, interested and helpful. Is it any wonder that Marion is popular with the Class of Thirty-Two?



ANNE E. BURNS

WHEN anyone asks "Who's that well-dressed girl?" you know, almost without looking, that she's talking about Anne Burns. Anne has a way of wearing a frock, or tilting a hat, that just screams "class." But she doesn't have to rely on dressing the part, for a more rognish blue eye, a quicker laugh, or a friendlier smile, could not be found anywhere. We don't want you to get the idea that Anne is just a fashion plate. She's a real pal, an interesting companion and a sympathetic soul.

Anne is possessed of a fine spirit of independence which is as much a part of her as her very interesting personality. It is an independence, though, that doesn't forbid her sitting for hours and hemming backdrops and "teasers" for the greater glory of the Dramatic Society.

The student in Anne refuses to sit back quietly while the social light shines on, and so we have that happy combination of work and play that makes up the sophisticated and thoroughly charming Anne Burns.



REGINA M. COGAN

REGINA'S claim to fame—or near-fame—is three-fold. She is extremely independent, extraordinarily efficient, and possessed of a pair of smokey-fringed Irish blue eyes that might well be anyone's envy. Those first two assets helped considerably when it was a question of taking her degree in three and a half years, working for the Social Service Group, or serving on a Supper Club committee. But those Irish blue eyes are just the symbol of all the reasons why people like Regina.

First of all, she has a delightful sense of humor which has enlivened many a lesson-laden group. She has an attractive personality which makes friends and holds them. She is an insatiable follower of all college affairs, dances and parties. In short, she never seemed to weary of being at St. Joseph's and doing things.

It isn't any wonder that Regina's extremely attractive face will be well remembered by the members of Thirty-Two.



MARGARET M. COONEY

MARGARET is one of our unfailingly cheerful members. You just can't be in her company and be out of sorts. We remember her distinctly as lending the lighter touch to classes in Livy and Horace—which faculty, however, did not prevent her from showing just how much she knew of the language. Indeed, she liked it so much that, although most of us dropped Latin after one year, she majored and took all the available courses. Then she topped them off by taking part in that altogether unique Latin play.

Last year Margaret put all our little efforts at work to shame by taking a business course at night—and now she is competent to teach (and she certainly has the qualities of a good teacher) either Latin, or Stenography and Typing. This earnestness is the keynote of her character—she is the unobtrusive type of worker—the kind that invariably gets results. She has worked in Glee Club and in class functions, as well as in her chosen field of endeavor. It is easy to predict that Margaret's will be a successful career—whatever line of work she chooses.



HELEN P. COUGHLAN

THE third of the three Coughlans had a reputation to live up to, and she's done it in a way calculated to make older sisters sit up and take notice. Helen strikes you as being, first of all, immensely capable. Perhaps, that is the reason why, like each of her sisters, she has always been one of those to whom you could turn if you wanted a job done well. Witness her management of the annual Bridge, by which she netted a tidy sum for the Trust Fund. Witness, too, her work on the Senior Prom Committee, for which her gracious, poised manner fitted her to perfection.

Helen has always been noted as one of the "best-dressed members of the Class of Thirty-Two." In fact, she can even manage to look well-dressed in a gym outfit, and that, incidentally, is not one of her least popular ensembles, for she's been a very active member of the class basketball team.

Some people never have time for anything, but in spite of the fact that Helen hails from Glen Cove, she could always stay for a class party, always get in for a college dance or a college show, and she always did her share to put college activities over with a bang. Here's luck in all your ventures, Helen.



MARY COWLEY

WE have many little mental pictures of Mary—snapshots—but there is one full-length portrait that stands out above all the others. It is a picture of a gracious girl standing on the stage steps, with the curtain closed behind her for a backdrop. She is lovely in tan lace and fur, and she is making us welcome, initiating us into the most genuinely enjoyable week that we have known together. Mary, the Chairman of Junior Week—Mary, our perfect hostess.

But it was not only for perfect entertaining that we turned to this girl. We knew her capabilities and her fidelity to a trust, and so we put in her hands the work of the Point System Committee. This work is part of the very organization of our college. It is not limited to one class, or to one group of students. It is a problem in administration, and necessitates contact with every girl in our student body. Mary's work as Chairman of this Committee was as unspectacular as it was efficient. A big job quietly done—a job that called forth our classmate's powers of discernment and sound judgment.

All the sterling qualities are hers, but there is one particular grace of which we are enamored. It is a small thing, perhaps, and there occurs to us the possibility that in this tribute to her greater virtues, it should not even be mentioned. But we think it significant. It is simply this—good manners. Such a delightful possession, in a heedless and hurrying world, is enough to leave its impression on any group. Little things done in a masterful manner—there you have Mary.



ELIZABETH A. CUNNINGHAM

“LISTEN to the mocking bird”—ta-da-da—“Listen to the . . .” Yes, you’re right—that’s Betty Cunningham, with Mary Hopkins accompanying at the piano. Betty’s tremolo, her dramatic scale-climbing are part of the history of Thirty-Two. That was how we discovered, during hazing days, what a fine sport she is and how she really can sing when she isn’t fooling. That is the reason, too, that Glee found her such an indispensable member of the club and partaker in its productions.

There’s a certain something about Betty that makes you think, “Yes, she is nice.” She is possessed of a disarming sort of *naïveté* that makes you wonder whether you’re being kidded or not. But if you are, it’s in a good-natured, whole-hearted way that no one could mind. There’s one thing, in particular, that Betty is noted for, however. That is her ability to speak up in class. It makes no difference what the subject or who the prof, Betty has a little anecdote or bit of information which is not only *à propos*, but serves to enliven the lesson. Sometimes, we’ve even wondered if the prof were being kidded. Well, who knows? If any one could do it, Betty’s that one.



HELEN M. CURRAN

HELLEN came all the way from Greenwich Village to learn things at St. Joseph's. No, she doesn't go in for modernistic art, or cubist sculpture, or even for wearing her hair in an eccentric, man-nish bob. She's one of the sanest, nicest girls you'd want to know—and she's a Math major. However, among the first things she learned were that the Math courses were no "bed of roses," and that the hours which must be dedicated to squaring circles and cross-examining triangles are necessarily irregular and prolonged. Far be it from Helen to become discouraged. With the application typical of her kind, she worked with a will, until, today, we see the finished Mathematician.

But Helen isn't all Math. She has given her services zealously to the Social Service Group and has been a steady and enthusiastic member of the Glee Club. Her appointment to the Senior Week Committee gave her an opportunity to get her finger in the arrange-ment pie, and gave the chairman the assurance that Helen's part of the job would be well done.

Friendliness and an unquenchable optimism are the key-notes of Helen Curran's popularity. Here's hoping they are never dimin-ished, but will even increase as the years leave their blessings with this favorite of Thirty-Two.



EDNA V. DAWKINS

.. **W**ILL someone second that motion?" Sure, someone will, and it's usually Edna. Edna does more than second motions, though. She makes them and talks about them and then convinces people that they ought or ought not to be passed, according to her views on that particular subject. For Edna is a young lady of very definite ideas and a will to back them. Perhaps that is why the Religion Committee, during her four years of membership and Senior year of chairmanship, became such a vital element in the life of the college.

Athletics is the activity that lies nearest Edna's heart. Since Freshman days, she's answered the call for class basketball, and when a hockey Varsity was organized, she wasn't slow to come into its ranks. Field Day each year would prove her "meat," and Thirty-Two was always sure of respectable score with Edna to help roll it up.

For pep and power, Thirty-Two proudly points to Edna. There isn't a thing we'd like her to be that she isn't, so all we can say is, "The best of everything to you, Edna!"



ANGELA M. DEEGAN

NO, Angela isn't trying to look like an Elizabeth Arden ad. That's quite a typical picture. It illustrates perfectly the thing that everyone feels about Ange'a—her sincerity. She is sincere in her work, her play, her friendships. And she was, above all, sincere when she was begging you to bring in your class dues. As Senior Class President, Angela had a position that, for responsibility and sheer worry, outlasted any other. The glory that attached to her name by reason of her office could never be sufficient to compensate for the planning, arranging and plain working she did for us.

It is really a wonder that this busy lady found time for anything besides her executive and scholastic duties, but she did. Basketball, hockey and tennis were second nature to her, and Thirty-Two is likely to sigh with pleasure when remembering the way Angela could shoot a basket, knock a puck around or place a fast serve. The finishing touch, we think, to this picture of an "all-round girl" is the fact that Angela writes verse—and good verse at that.

In spite of everything, however, we have a feeling that some day in the not too-distant future, we'll drop in and find her warming the baby's milk while hubby reads his evening paper—in a cute little cottage built for two or three.



FRANCES U. DIECKERT

FRANK and activities will always remain inseparable in our memory. From Freshman P. T. through successive Field Days, even to last year's, of which she was Chairman, she could always be depended on to out-broad-jump the rest of us. This high-score basketball player is one of the very few who can point to four years membership on the Varsity, as well as to the fulfillment in the last year of the numerous duties of President of the Athletic Association.

But athletics is not the only thing in which Frank is interested. For three years the French Club has received her loyal support, both in its annual presentation (who will forget Lucille's lover in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"?) and in its other activities. And yet, with all this, the end of every term saw her with at least two exemptions. And that's a record for the "class baby."

To know the real Frank, though, you've got to know the friend. There isn't a thing Frank wouldn't do for you. That's a broad statement, but we think it's true, and that's the thing that will be remembered when Frank the student or Frank the athlete has faded into the far-away dream of college days.



KATHRYN G. DRISCOLL

DO we know anything about the Vikings? We can't say we do. But if we ever want to, we know where to go. Kay Driscoll's seemingly insatiable thirst for a knowledge of these supermen has caused some wonder but we are glad to be able to announce that the research is all for the benefit of her thesis, for, you see, Kay is a history major. So much having been said, we are not going into panegyrics over her A's and exemptions, because that's the sort of thing you naturally expect from Kay. But, just because of that, you might not expect that she would be interested in the social doings. On the contrary, she has the reputation of having seldom, if ever, missed a college function.

As to extra-curricular activities, Kay has, for the great part, favored Glee Club, and could usually be found in the male chorus of their annual production, in the guise of a "tar," a "dragoon," or a "guest at the party." On second thought, we're afraid that Glee must share honors with the History Club, of which Kay was an ever-faithful member. Her latest interest lies in the new but promising Educational Psychology group.

In spite of all Kay has done, we think we shall remember her more for her sincerity, her idealism and her true friendliness—in short, for being Kay.



MARY P. DWYER

IT takes no particular effort on Mary's part to speak at great length in French, and with an accent that would surprise even a real Frenchman. No, don't be catty, we mean she's good at it, and that's saying something for anyone so Celtic in name and temperament as Mary Patricia Dwyer. At any rate, not only is she a French major, but she is Vice-President of that interesting Cercle Molière.

We have always thought of Mary as the domestic type—she seems so calm, so sure of herself. Perhaps we were influenced, too, by that serene, almost ethereal look that we sometimes found in her face. Be that as it may, her work in college has borne out our theory by proving that Mary has a real flair for management. She proved that when appointed to the Senior Class Day Committee. Her sense of responsibility was recognized by election to the Student Council in Junior year. And, is it possible that her juggling of programs and hours to allow her to make college in three and a half years, might foreshadow family budget juggling?

But, if Mary doesn't fulfill our fond dream for her of being wife and mother, she might (whisper it) go in for art. However, whatever she does, she'll make a go of it and what more could we ask of anyone?



MARION A. ELDRIDGE

DIMINUTIVE in height perhaps, but not in spirit—that is Marion. For she has ever been ready to do her best for Thirty-Two and St. Joseph's with the utmost enthusiasm. It mattered not what affair we gave, Marion was always present—ever ready to lend a helping hand where it might be needed most.

Marion's height was no handicap in athletics, rather was it an enviable asset. For four years she has held down a side-center position on the class basketball team, and has demonstrated her ability to slide in after the ball where bigger players "feared to tread." Her enthusiastic work on the court brought her the honor of the captaincy of the team in Senior year—a position that she handled well.

Somehow, Marion always seems happy. An individual giggle coming almost from within a huge locker, (huge, compared with Marion), bears testimony to the fact that Marion is beginning or ending, (as the case may be) the day in joyful mood. Her spirit combines a'so with its other characteristics a friendliness that sends forth a bright greeting to all whom she meets, and it is not hard to feel that the greeting is genuine. What greater tribute can be given to anyone?



VIRGINIA M. ENGEL

THAT old saying about "still waters running deep" fits Virginia so perfectly that it seems a shame not to apply it. From Freshman year Virginia has been an earnest student, but her reserved and unassuming manner has prevented her from showing her real self to any but her closest friends.

Virginia's pet interest is literature. Give her a good book of poetry and you will find her riding past her home town station. If this proves nothing, one of Virginia's original poems would convince you of her talent in the literary field.

Virginia has always been loyal in supporting class and college affairs. She has been a member of the Religion Committee and an active worker on the Senior Week Committee.

Whether it be on a crowded Long Island train or in the Ethics class, Virginia always remains her calm and tranquil self. Her steadying influence has been as much a part of Thirty-Two as the cooperation she has given so unstintingly and so unflinchingly.



CATHERINE E. EPPIG

HERE is a "catcher of trains." It seems that Kay comes from Babylon, and we hazard a guess that a trot or two trainward have had a great deal to do with the development of those athletic tendencies. Tennis has in her a real enthusiast and each year's tournament has seen her advancing well on to the finals. As a member of our class team for four years, she has done more than her share toward bringing us athletic laurels. Field Day competition found her in the heat of activity, and this year, as a committee member, she put forth good work toward a successful meet.

Kay's big achievement was her capable arrangement of this year's Parents' Day. She seems to have that art of extending a warm welcome, which made our folks feel St. Joseph's truly cordial atmosphere. They appreciated the reception and we appreciate Kay's efforts.

Attitudes mean a great deal in college life, and Kay's spirit has been just what you'd expect. As a companion, she has furnished a goodly share of wit and humor—an optimistic disregard of too-trying incidents. As a student, she has done her job faithfully and well. As a member of Thirty-Two and of St. Joseph's, she has been truly staunch and loyal. In fact, here is an all-round college woman.

Marie Foley



MARIE E. FOLEY

FROM the first Marie disclosed a depth of character that assured us of steadfast loyalty and helpfulness. And that loyalty and helpfulness have never been wanting. To be a student and not a "grind," to be efficient and not officious, to be talented and not proud, is undoubtedly an accomplishment.

To us, Marie has always seemed the proper, sympathetic type for teaching, and her work with children in Social Service has seemed to foreshadow her entering this career. But this year's events have given us some little doubt. Marie joined the Serenaders and we found in her a musician, capable of "holding her own" among pianists. Perhaps after all, she may become, not a teacher, but a "find" in the musical world—if the world doesn't take so long as we did in discovering her talent.

We are not being platitudinous when we say that Marie will succeed in anything she undertakes. Her activities at St. Joseph's have not been merely numerous, but have also been marked with spontaneous and eager enthusiasm. With her high ideals and untiring efforts to attain them, she is our conception of a true woman.



LAURA A. FOURNIER

LAURA is the supreme salesman. She can sell anything from "misses' better dresses" to year-book advertising, and put it over with a bang. There's no doubt that she can talk—and say things. She blames it on the length of her tongue, but we think it's a gift. And from the way she handles printers, photographers, advertisers and trades-people, we guess they think so too.

As Editor-in-Chief of *Loria* and *Footprints*, member of two Supper Club committees and many class party committees, she has had to make many such contacts. Perhaps it is in this way that she gained some of that poise and freedom of manner that so characterized her inimitable performances in "The Lucky Break" and "You and I." For, above all, she is natural in every thing she does, whether it be acting a rôle on a stage, or consuming a beef stew in Ryerson's. At any rate, in recognition of her interests in and work for the Dramatic Society, she was elected their Vice-President in Senior year.

From the day when Laura first recited "Casey at the Bat" during hazing, we knew she was a good sport, and she's never disappointed us. She has borne her responsibilities as lightly and as gaily as anyone could and still make a good job of them. We'll always remember her for her good-natured, hearty laugh, which we knew concealed a nature as sensitive and understanding as an artist's.



KATHERINE M. FREY

THE Kay who greets everything that is said to her with a "No-o-o!" and then a chuckle—or *is* it a chuckle? Well, at any rate, it's a clever little noise that will always be recognizable by her classmates; that's the Kay we know. Her outstanding characteristics are her poise, her determination and her ability. Poise—need we go further than to cite the day that she was sent to the front of the room as a model of collegiate dignity? Determination and ability seem to go together, for Kay has always given her talents with a sureness and a willingness. We have delighted in her sparkling piano playing and in her singing with the Glee Club. This year we were moved to complete sympathy and appreciation when we learned that, as a Dramatic Society member, and just for art's sake, Kay sewed yards and yards of gray canton flannel.

Kay has shown her ability in administrative capacities by her work as Secretary of the Undergraduate Association, as a member of the Student Council in Senior year, and as a member of the Junior Prom and Supper Club Committees.

Kay is . . . there is so much to say . . . an all-round girl with a smiling disposition and an exquisitely groomed person—the type of girl we shall want to remember very proudly as one of the Class of Thirty-Two.



MARY J. GAFFNEY

REMEMBER the day that Mary taught in Secondary Ed. class? From that moment we knew that her career was cut out for her. "Business-like" only half expresses Mary's attitude toward her class. We never saw anyone quite so at ease, quite so sure of herself and her subject as Mary was that day. But then, she was teaching a history lesson and Mary is nowhere more at home than with history. It is her pet, and she knows it backward and forward. Her excellent management of the History Club, when she became its President, is just another example of her weakness for the subject.

Even with such a demand on her attention, however, she found time for Glee Club, and the faithful trio of Becker, Roeser and Gaffney never missed a meeting or a Glee Club performance.

Some day, when you see that some startling changes have been effected in history curricula, and children are being taught more about the Constitution and less about cherry trees and hatchets, you'll know that Mary has at last realized her dream of educational reform.



SARA R. GANNON

WE put Sara forth as our health advertisement. Anyone who has seen her ruddy complexion has agreed that commuting between Westbury and Brooklyn is good for the skin. Sara herself is perfectly in keeping with her appearance. Hers is the honest, frank, good-natured outlook on life. She has never been known to present a worried countenance at any time, and seeing her so calm, cool and collected has often served as a quieting influence on us.

In other ways, too, Sara has helped us out. As an alto in the Glee Club she proved a potent influence in making its affairs a success. As the "noise without" in "A Lucky Break," given by the Dramatic Society, she proved that she "has a way with" a trombone. Last, but by no means least, she showed us that Socrates wasn't such a bad chap after all.

Sara intends to go in for Elementary Education, and while we don't question her ability with the little ones, (indeed, we've observed her), we suspect that said little ones will often be regaled with anecdotes from Livy or Horace. We have a feeling that Sara will never consent to be divorced entirely from her first love, Latin literature.



RITA F. GIERY

RITA is generous in her impulses, in her thoughtfulness, and with her worldly goods. It is a trait that is singularly ennobling, because it gives a spontaneity and a very particular grace to all her actions. And these, we may add, were always well-directed and always produced results. We cannot remember the countless committees on which Rita served—we know there were the Senior Prom, and the Junior-Senior Luncheon—last June's high-water mark in good times—and our own Junior Week Committees. And lots of other small festive occasions.

We shall also take this opportunity to reveal another talent—not so well known as it should be. In spite of her femininity, the young lady in question (in the high cause of the Glee Club shows) is perfectly capable of jumping into a Tux and demonstrating how the well-dressed young man will make love this year!

But we have saved the most impressive fact till last. If it had not been for Rita's wheedling of our most deeply hidden shekels, we would not have had this book of unusual knowledge. Publishers insist on being paid for what they publish, and Rita's the girl who managed that.

But let us return to what is uppermost in our minds about her. It is this—when we shall have forgotten her achievements, we shall still remember the goodness of her heart.



ELEANOR J. HENNESSY

WHEN arriving at this illustrious member of our class, we naturally grow reminiscent of the important part she has played in our college career. Of course, we'll never forget how capably she filled the office of Class President for three years, and U. A. President for the fourth year, and how she has served on innumerable committees. But we'll also remember the gay, friendly companion hidden under the capable executive exterior. Eleanor in tennis togs—Eleanor on the basketball court—Eleanor singing "My Man"—are just a few sides of a many-faceted personality.

Eleanor proved early in Freshman year her ability as a student, and she has continued to prove it all through the four years—witness her membership in the exclusive Mercier Circle. And as for exemptions—well, we soon learned to expect two or three for her each term.

Eleanor is a living example of that too often forgotten truth that a person can possess both authority and friends. And at the same time she has disproved the idea that executives have no time for anything in the line of amusements. We respect the leader, we obey the authority, we love the friend who laughed us out of so many difficulties.



MILDRED K. HINES

EVERYONE knows Mildred as the hub of our artistic wheel at college—witness her masterly rejuvenation of the old auditorium. That erstwhile assembly room was changed miraculously into a most beautiful and comfortable social room. And can we ever forget the efficiently decorated auditorium which housed the first Supper Club? Junior Prom and Senior Week Committees, class parties—in fact just about every affair we've had has numbered Mildred among its workers.

Yet Mildred is not known solely for her artistic talents. She has been a member of the Press Committee since Freshman year, and in Senior year guided its activities as Chairman.

And we must not neglect to mention Mildred's interest in the Dramatic Society and its performances, as well as in lesser productions for G. A. and Fathers' Club meetings.

In addition to this display of versatility, Mildred is able and willing to help anyone who needs her assistance. Of course Hollis is far from Clinton Avenue, but Mildred always seems to be on the spot as occasion demands.



EMMA K. HOLLAND

THERE'S an extremely intriguing aura of mystery about Emma. How, and this promises to be our eternal wail, how can she emerge from the stress and strain—not to mention the dust and grime—of a collegiate day, with a beautifully clean face and faultless coiffure? These are typical, though, of the calm, unruffled nature that is Emma's. They are typical in a way, too, of the kind of work Emma does, of her efficiency and thoroughness.

You'll have two pictures of Emma,—one with her nose in a book, (an attitude she had to assume pretty often to get out in three and a half years and with such creditable grades); and the other of an Emma startlingly attractive in red velvet at the Senior Prom. Proms and dances give her the opportunity to show both sides of that versatile nature, for not only does she attend, but she is usually on the committee. In fact, she was Chairman of the last Supper Club, and that is remembered as one of the greatest financial and social successes in the annals of the college.

Poised, charming, graciously sophisticated, tells you most about Emma, for that is the impression she leaves. It's a pleasant impression of one of the pleasantest girls we've known.



MARY E. HOPKINS

HOW shall we best describe Mary? Shall we list qualities or shall we tell you what we know and what we think about Mary? We know Mary for her unassuming attitude and for her serenity—not that which bespeaks disinterestedness, but rather that which reveals her eagerness to cooperate and her self-confidence. Mary has a generous disposition and a delightful sense of humor. Many a time we will chuckle with glee at the thought of her, sitting erect before the piano, pounding out “The Mocking Bird” and lending her contralto to a gay collegiate rendition of that selection. Mary has lent her talents to the Glee Club, where she was always a charming addition to the annual performance. Her ability to do things well has shown itself in business, too. She was Photographic Editor of FOOTPRINTS, and an indispensable member of the Senior Week Committee.

We think Mary a mighty fine girl. With that imperturbable calmness, that urbanity of manner, sincerity of purpose and genuine understanding of human nature, Mary is bound to find success.



MARY G. IMPELLIZERI

IN Mary, Thirty-Two has had the good fortune to find that welcome type of worker who accomplishes things quickly, quietly and efficiently. This was discovered in her Freshman year, when we found her the scientific worker in Biology Lab. And our "find" has lived up to her enviable reputation ever since.

French has always been Mary's major interest in academics. And the French Club—the Cercle Molière to the "Frenchies"—has likewise attracted her attention during her entire four years of college life. Her ability twice raised her from the ranks of the "mere members" to the position of Secretary. What is of equal importance, Mary has successfully portrayed important roles in the Club's annual presentations for three years. Only the burden of those numerous papers and reports that so unfortunately put in an appearance in Senior year, could deter her from again becoming a member of the cast.

Mary's jolly spirit is contagious. Her happy smile never fails to broaden into an even happier laugh. Perhaps it is this pleasant humor that aids her fluency in the telling of most interesting folk tales of Old France in "une manière superbe."

Mary, you are bound to go far, and we'll be rooting for you!



LUCILLE E. JACOBSON

LUCILLE is one of those militant history majors. And she is one of the few who not only have extremely definite opinions on the subject, but a wealth of facts to back them up. When it comes to trying a point or defending a person, Lucille is in her element—ask anyone who took English History with her and remembers her masterful defense of Cromwell,—with the odds forty to one.

Of course, it takes more than memory work to help you get ahead, but even so we can't help remarking Cele's colossal memory. She seems to have learned volumes of things. This faculty, combined with an ability to interpret authors, has made her the delight of the History Department and the envy of her fellow-majors.

Lucille has done a great deal toward establishing the success of the History Club, and in Social Service Group she has been one of Marion Brennan's "right-hand men."

We'd like to hazard a guess about Lucille's future. We've heard rumors that she'd like to go in for law, but when we remember the lesson she gave in the Methods class, we insist that it's "teaching for you, young lady."



MARY C. KAICHER

CHIC and snap are Mary's outstanding characteristics. Smart in dress, smart in manner, smart in repartee, she strikes you as the typical debutante who is up to the minute in everything. Mary has seen the latest shows, danced in the newest places and dined in the "swankiest" restaurants. In short, Mary is modern. However, hers is an up-to-dateness that is anything but blasé. We like her because she seems to get such a keen enjoyment out of living, and that is because she has developed in herself toleration and a freshness of viewpoint.

We like Mary too, because she's such a good sport. She knew when a joke was on herself, and was the first to appreciate it. No one knew better than she how unapproachable the gym horse could be, and many a time poor Mary was heard to complain of a certain stiffness. Personally, we could never understand it, because we've seen her ride a real horse, and a prettier, more graceful picture you wouldn't want. But then, we suppose there is a difference.

While you can laugh, Mary, as you can now, we know you'll not only enjoy life, but get everything out of it that there is to get.



CATHERINE J. KEENAN

TO those of you who believe that efficiency and intelligence are even personified by austere mien and severe dress, we respectfully indicate the balance of delightful femininity and admirable alertness to be found in Catherine. To this happy combination we dare to ascribe her success in finishing college in three and a half years, with such a heartening collection of A's and B's to her credit. While carrying on such a strenuous scholastic program she found leisure to appear at practically all of the collegiate affairs of this borough. This is not all, for any crumb of extra time left, after all that, she generously devoted to Glee Club and Social Service.

Of course there is always some outstanding characteristic or trait, that one remembers, and, rather amusingly in Catherine's case, we remember our naive amazement at the very firm opinions she had in the various History Classes, and the imposing list of authentic quotations she had at her beck and call, to support her views.

Kay was a background of English culture, the dignity and courtesy of which she has combined with an American love of getting things done. Here's hoping she has all the success that such a temperament warrants.



KATHERINE M. KELLY

YOU want to say the nicest things possible about Kay, and yet the usual "nice things" won't do, because Kay is anything but usual. Of course, she's extremely attractive in mien and manner, possesses a really remarkable soprano voice, and is, besides, one of the shining lights of our scholastic roll. But there is more than all that to Kay. She is one of the few girls we know who "has a soul." Her sense of the aesthetic is so much a part of her that it *is* she, and she seems to cull whatever is beautiful in her contacts and take it to herself. She loves music—we have said she sings—and she lives poetry. Not only have you heard her read, but you've seen some of the exquisite verse she's written herself.

But please don't get the impression that Kay goes about with her head in the clouds and a rapt expression in her eyes. She's human enough to be found hurrying down Clinton Avenue any morning just about three minutes before her first class; she has sense of humor enough to write some of the most delightful nonsense we've ever seen, and she's practical enough to be President of the Glee Club, take the lead in their show and write some of the songs as well. . . Now, do you blame us for thinking Kay is unusual?



LILLIAN M. KELLY

LIL to some and Lilyan to others, but the chief advisor to us all! That's Miss Kelly. What secrets she could reveal if she would—but why worry? You just know she won't! She is one of those dependable persons, with oceans of sympathy and an immeasurable ability to listen to trials and tribulations of classmates with an ever-willing ear. What is more, Lil always has a consoling or encouraging word to offer. Perhaps by mentioning that Lil's most famous quotation is "Never cross bridges 'til you come to them," we may complete the picture—for there is Lil, thoughtful, optimistic and good-humored.

The Glee Club has received Lil's interest for the last four years, during which time she has been a sailor, a soldier and a couple of extremely attractive chorus boys. Committees, too, have claimed Lil's understanding capabilities, but the climax was reached when she was selected to lead the Class of Thirty-Two in their last good times, the activities of Senior Week. And she has carried through with a fineness of spirit that is one of her outstanding characteristics.



MADELEINE E. KENDALL

"THE beautiful blonde? Why that's Madeleine Kendall." And of course it's a new Freshman who asks, because no one can be in St. Joseph's long before she discovers Mad's fair loveliness. We who have known Madeleine and worked with her for four years have discovered more than that, though,—more than what makes people turn and look again. We've found Madeleine, the student, sport and friend.

Four years ago we all came in together—a class, individually alone. Now we are going out together—an organized unit. What is it that binds us so together? It is a something which Madeleine represents—a quiet, easy, willing comradeship. For it isn't really startling, isolated deeds which count, but steady, reliable doing. However, there is something a little startling in Mad's record of achievement, which consists not only in a splendid support of extra-curricular and class activities, but an enviable scholastic record as well. Exemptions and A's were no novelty to her, and it was merely because in her well ordered life things were always done at the right time and in the right way. That is probably why she was such a success as Chairman of the Senior Luncheon last year, why she was chosen to serve on the Senior Dance Committee this year, and why we learned to appreciate her good-natured cooperation in Glee Club and Dramatics.

At any rate, Mad goes to prove that blondes may be beautiful without being dumb—and that goes to prove that we shan't soon forget her.



ROSEMARY B. KENNELLY

“**W**HEN a fellow needs a friend,” Rosemary is the answer. In her quiet comfortable way she has gone through her three and a half years making friends on every side—friends she probably doesn’t even know she has. She is one of those people to whom you can confide your troubles or spring your latest joke, and be sure of a sympathetic shoulder or a ready laugh. She has a rare sense of humor which crops up at the most amazing times and bubbles over anyone who happens to be near. Only someone who knows the real values in life, only the sanest, finest sort of girl can have a sense of humor like Rosemary’s.

Rosie’s college career has been full, not only for herself, but for us, for in taking of St. Joseph’s she has given freely of herself. She came in on a scholarship and has lived up to all that implies. She is a member of the Religion Committee and the Glee Club (you couldn’t forget the “butler”), and holds one of the much-to-be-desired memberships in the Mercier Circle. She is General Law-and-Order in the recreation room, and a faithful Forum and Missal Club attender. And still she could always spare a minute when we needed her.

Rosemary makes you wish there were more girls like her. More than that, she makes you wish you could attack things with the same clear vision, unswerving faith and hardness of spirit that characterizes this de’ightfully real personality.



MARGARET E. KENNY

NEVER has there been a college student quite so sweet and unaffected as Marge. Hers is a disposition as gentle and rare as that oft-quoted "day in June." Yet, seldom has anyone clung so firmly to those high principles she holds as her ideal. Her work as Chairman of the Honor System Committee has proved this.

As President of the History Club, and Chairman of Senior Class Day, she has displayed a marked skill for successful management.

But Marge has not limited her activities to social and intellectual endeavors. For four years, the Class of Thirty-Two has been aided in the inter-class basketball games by her playing. Another achievement is her work as a class secretary for the past two years.

However, it is not in the capacity of student representative that Marge has won her greatest acclaim. Had she never served in any office, surely she would still be known and appreciated for her gracious manner and friendly interest in people. Many are the members of the undergraduate body who have expressed for her the supreme collegiate appreciation of a fellow-student—"She's a swell kid!"



KATHERINE L. KREBS

YOU can't help cherishing a profound respect for anyone who majors in Math. That's the way we feel about Kay. If she never did another thing, her college career would have been pretty busy. However, she didn't confine herself to a purely scholastic program, but, for two years, "Glee'd" with the best of them. Even in extra-curricular activities, however, she couldn't keep away from her favorite, and she did much to promote interest in the Mathematics Club.

Kay is the quiet type of girl who is rather hard to know,—the kind whose character and temperament show in the results she achieves. She was an assiduous student, always busy about her work. Moving unostentatiously within her own circle of friends, she seemed a trifle apart from others, yet friendly toward all. She was willing and helpful, and always ready to turn to when it was necessary. Of course, Kay had a pet wail, as we all do, and it was no uncommon sight to see her poring through books and groaning, "I've got to teach this afternoon." Who couldn't sympathize over that Secondary Ed. bugaboo? All joking aside, though, we liked Kay and we want to see her make a way in the teaching profession which she has adopted as her choice.



Margaret Leahy

MARGARET M. LEAHY

WE don't need to tell you that Margaret is a real, Irish beauty, and a real, Irish character. You, who know what that means, will realize the delicate charm, the versatility, the humor, and the wit that go to make up this young lady. But we don't believe it was that characteristic trust in luck, and in Providence that has carried Margaret so easily and successfully through college in three and a half years, and as a Math major, at that. Can we doubt it was the wistful, imaginative Irish qualities that made her such a bewitching heroine in several of our college plays, while, paradoxically, she was serving as a hardy contestant on the class basketball teams? You know, there are so many pleasing adjectives we might apply to Margaret, so many delightful incidents we might relate about her, that we really fear this write-up would assume colossal proportions. So we merely end on this note of interrogation: "Did Margaret let her smoky, black hair grow because she looked so deliciously young with it bobbed?"



ELEANOR M. LEGANA

ELEANOR has become known as the girl "with the little black bag." But there really isn't anything so mysterious about it for, as she can tell you, it contains only books. She usually carries about a goodly number of these, too, and what is more, she uses them. She's had to, with a major in English, which everyone knows keeps one busy reading books. True to the ideal of an English, Eleanor has a charming voice, and it is that voice—soft, well-modulated, musical—which is the surest index to Eleanor's character.

Quiet and unassuming, she has gone through her three and a half years of college with little fanfare and few heralding blasts. However, it is now, when we are separating that we realize how much we shall miss her. For, in her own reliable way, Eleanor has made herself quite indispensable. Glee Club discovered her and when the Serenaders heard her work as a violinist, that group sought her services also. These last had her whole sympathy, for in music her interest lies. Because of her work and her very real ability she was elected president of the Serenaders in Senior Year.

And now—we've got a secret. Eleanor is to be one of our first class brides. May all the happiness and prosperity in the world be hers.



ANNE R. McCORMACK

SMILING as engagingly as this is only one of Anne's many accomplishments, all said accomplishments being effected as naturally and as pleasingly as this smile.

Anne is one of those people with a purpose and a firmness of decision. Indeed, when she wants something she sticks to the means of getting it with a relentlessness like that of the proverbial Fates. Realizing this, chairmen have always looked to her as the dynamo of their committees.

Although Anne has shown her flair for variety in extra-curricular activities by membership in the Athletic Association, the Glee Club, in one of whose shows she played a character part, and in the Dramatic Society, her heart really lies in the last. In fact, dramatics is Anne's hobby, principal avocation and pet weakness. She's given herself as actress and chief executive of the Society, and driving force of its activities.

This girl's real charm lies in the way she allows her exuberance and vitality to peek out from behind that executive exterior. And in spite of all her work, it is the lively, mischievous, smiling Anne that we shall remember longest.



ANNABELLE H. McCORT

“**W**E lived in a Kingdom by the Sea, I and my Annabelle . . .” Maybe the quotation is a little shaky, but even if it weren’t for her name, we’d think of Annabelle that way. How else can you account for that far-away look that we sometimes surprise in her eyes? And, incidentally, speaking of her eyes, did you ever see such gorgeous dark lashes? But, we were saying, Annabelle’s propensity to sit and dream is one thing you can’t help liking about her. Why? Because when you come along, even though you shatter her dream, she greets you with a cheerful smile and a gay gesture. We hate to go around shattering dreams, but we do like Annabelle’s smile.

Evidently the Spanish Club does, too, for she is kept quite busy with their meetings and entertainments. Their annual Fiesta will usually find her prominent in its dances and tableaux, gaily dressed with shawl and mantilla. That’s being a Spanish major to the *n*th degree.

Well, Annabelle, we hope your “Kingdom by the Sea” will not all be just “Castles in Spain.” May it be as real and true and genuine as you have been to us.



JOSEPHINE A. McKEON

SPARKLING blue eyes and a tilted nose that just *attempts* to be "snooty," color the personality of our Jo. She is gay and smiling amidst all the social activities of the college and at the same time, the capable, discriminating executive and committee member. Her successful work on our Junior Prom Committee is characteristic of her achievements. Jo's honest and unusually fruitful efforts in minor administrative offices brought her the honor of Vice-Presidency of the Undergraduate Association in Senior year.

Besides this, Jo has contributed her talents to the Dramatic Society, where she has portrayed many character parts with the ease of an artist. Her imitations are almost without equal. This characteristic would delight the heart of Ruth Draper—as it gave the hazing Sophs material on which to work. But her informal acts, played in the locker room, are the best of all.

Jo is one of the friendliest and most lovable girls in our class. She has been earnest and purposeful in all her endeavors, coloring everything she did with a deft, womanly touch.

It will be that certain subtle charm of manner and expression, that lightness of step and brightness of eye that will gladden the hearts of Thirty-Two when we reflect on memories of Jo.



WINIFRED J. McMAHON

BELIEVE it or not, we almost get sentimental at the thought of leaving Winnie. In order to avoid any such calamity, we've drawn for you "The Portrait of a Lady" as we know her.

She's charming, nonchalant, remarkably efficient and unusually clever. Quite a paradox! Strange as it may seem, there really are people who pull down A's without grinding; and who will question that Winnie is one of those unbelievable miracles? Aside from having mastered "Business Law," she and the subtle intrigues of philosophical reasoning are just like that (business of getting middle and index fingers on top of one another). If ever you want to know the "essence" of anything, ask her. She knows all the answers. Just as a side line she wallows in math, and dabbles in sociology.

Despite this astounding scholastic reputation, she is an essential patroness of every party, tea and dance. Having served on numerous committees, including the Trust Fund Bridge and the Supper Club of 1931, she has earned for herself the reputation of being the personification of College Spirit.



CATHERINE C. McSHANE

FORCEFUL is the word which best describes "Mac." The amount of energy which this girl possesses is a marvel to all who know her. Not only has it been a marvel, but it has been a very useful marvel as the basketball, tennis and hockey teams are ready to announce. Athletics, of course, was the natural out-let for Kay. In fact, it was so natural that, in Senior Year, she became the logical candidate for the Captaincy of the Basketball 'Varsity—a position which she filled successfully, both from her own standpoint and that of the team.

Her energy took another form too, and "Mac" was inevitably the hero or the villain when it came to a class play. Her grandiloquent speeches and swashbuckling gestures were always the delight of her audience, for she was Thirty-Two's most popular "man." But while "Mac" was romping around winning athletic glory for herself and St. Joseph's, and amusing her classmates with impromptu entertainments, she was not neglecting that more important side of her college life. She was noted as a most conscientious student, a willing worker and an original thinker. You could always rely on her to make her part of a lesson both interesting and informative. Such well-balanced tastes in a girl are a definite indication of a fine, sane temperament; the kind that makes for success in work and play. That is why we predict that Kay McShane is going to be one of the most outstanding successes of the Class of Thirty-Two.



MARIE A. MANNO

ANY attempt to enumerate Marie's pleasing characteristics is always difficult—particularly because they are so numerous. But the one word "charm" reveals a world about Marie. She is a true friend, a gracious helper, an earnest worker—ever ready with a cheery welcome, a bit of praise or a word of encouragement.

No task proved too trivial or too arduous to claim Marie's willing attention. Her ability was recognized early in her college career, and it has become a foregone conclusion that her every undertaking would be successfully completed. In Freshman year, she was elected class representative to the Honor System Committee—a position which she capably held for four years. As class secretary in Sophomore year she proved a most orderly "keeper of the minutes."

For a long time, Marie succeeded in "concealing her light under a bushel." But one day, quite by accident (Marie is too gentle and humble to force her accomplishments into the limelight), we discovered her vocal ability. Her musical talent does not end here, for she plays the piano and the 'cello with finished skill.

Thirty-Two claims in Marie a noteworthy member—a member whose enthusiasm and indefatigable work have gained for her our love and esteem.



MILDRED M. MARTIN

IF this picture does not reveal Mil's mirthful nature, you may attribute it to the photographer. A tall girl, a cheerful smile, flashing blue eyes, that's Mil *in toto!*

As a loyal member of the Glee Club her radiant personality and good cheer were aptly portrayed, whether in a production of Gilbert and Sullivan, or in the famous original Sextette of our musical comedies. In addition to her capability on the class basketball and baseball teams, she distinguished herself as a willing member of the Junior Prom Committee.

But one must not think that Mil's so well-developed enthusiasm was directed along the social line alone. She was among the ranks of those few who completed their collegiate course in three and a half years with no red ink to mar her record. As a Latin major, Mildred supported her colleagues in as clever a dramatic performance as the G. A. has ever witnessed. Indeed, she was "the noblest Roman of them all."



JOAN F. MAUCERI

“THE girl who never smiles”—what a formidable title for Jenny! But we won't retract; we mean just that. She doesn't smile—she laughs! And anyone who hears Jenny's sunny laughter has an index to that good nature which has endeared her to the Class of Thirty-Two. Jolly, happy, versatile, vigorous—Jenny does everything with the determination and energy that means success.

She has been one of the most outstanding members of the Cercle Molière. Her characterizations in the annual French plays have been a delight. She played the coquette *Suzanne* in “Le Monde où L'on S'ennuie,” *Toinette* in Molière's “Le Malade Imaginaire,” *M. Jourdain* in “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme”; but probably the part which gave her talents their greatest opportunity was that of the lovable, musical *Figaro* in “Le Barbier de Séville.” We pay her the highest compliment in saying that her playing was worthy of these great old comedies.

Jenny numbers among her accomplishments all of those things which we associate with the Latin nature: first of all, of course, she is a mimic, and a gorgeous one—and can we ever forget those old French Club parties when Jenny and Theresa Felitti sang French and Italian songs? And who loves dancing more than Jenny?

Jenny has a gracious heritage from a sunnier clime—and it has made her loved by all who know her.



EDITH MEARA

WHEN you stand off and quietly contemplate the many qualities that go to make up Edith you arrive inevitable at the conclusion that she can be most truly and appropriately termed "a gracious lady." Then she may easily claim the distinctive title of an enigma, for from her calm, easy, effortless poise one would never suspect even remotely, that she possesses the brains and brilliance that the years here have served to emphasize and embellish. In Edith you discover the true essence of culture, as well as the sterling attributes one seeks in a friend. Isn't that the fortunate combination? Now to touch briefly on some of her gargantuan accomplishments. Imagine capturing a prize for excellence in her Freshman year while breathlessly planning to complete college in three and a half years, and in order of climactic as well as chronological importance, this last year found her elected to Mercier Circle. In her leisure moments (she did have some), she devoted her energy to the Glee Club. Every year Time takes its toll of students from St. Joseph's, and this year it is claiming an invaluable asset to any institution of learning, when Commencement makes Edith an alumna.



IRENE V. MULRANEY

A "SPRING DANCE," executed in rubbers, a straw hat and a bewitching checkered skirt, introduced us to Irene. The hazing Sophs evidently knew what material was promising. And indeed Irene's first good humor and ingenuity have been hers throughout four years of varied experiences.

Our Christmas party this year at St. Joseph's was a huge success and a happy prelude to our last real vacation, and that success was largely the result of Irene's conscientious work as Chairman. It seemed to us as if no Christmas tree ever looked so beautiful and no Santa quite so welcome.

It is generally admitted that a major in French is no slight undertaking. Perhaps Irene will agree with this, but evidently she has a true linguistic feeling, for she is one of the few who has added courses in German to those in French. More power to her, say we, who know the German courses.

Although it would never do to become sentimental, we can't lose sight of the fact that Irene has furnished us with many humorous and happy memories. An echo of her laugh brings to our minds one of the gayest, friendliest, most helpful members of the Class of Thirty-Two.



MARIE U. NOLAN

WE always smile when we think of Marie, for Marie has always a smile for us. Marie is as gay as the day is long. She is witty and wise and a clever penman. Her happy-go-lucky nature is not allowed to be stultified even in more serious moments. Whatever the argument, Marie is always able to inject enough of Irish humor or *naïveté* to have her audience crying for more.

Marie will be remembered as the Chairman of Hazing and as a most energetic basketball player. She worked hard at whatever she did and always impressed us with her tenacity of purpose and fine philosophy of life. The Dramatic Society too has had a share of Marie's industry. We can never forget her jolly interpretation of Benny Ketcham, supersalesman *de luxe*.

We'd like to write pages and pages about Marie—she is such a bubbling sort, but we must satisfy ourselves by reminiscing once more on her open countenance and facile tongue. We hope her friendly ways will remain with her forever, and we hope too that some day in the deep, dim future we shall share with her the meaning of the word "bludgeons."



MARGARET I. OLIVER

TRY as we may, we never can say all that we would like to about Marge, without referring to the old saying that good things come in small packages. Her keen sense of humor, revealed at unexpected moments by the twinkle in her eye, her fascinating smile and witty sayings, make her admired by all. How often too have we heaped blessings upon her when she put the prof in good humor by her gay remarks! But this humor is not the sole reason for her popularity. Her conscientious endeavors as Class Treasurer and loyal support in all college affairs and activities are the type of thing that endears a person with a college group.

In addition to her athletic ability as a lively forward, we must not fail to mention the fact that the Glee Club lauded her as one of its most talented dancers.

Marge's efforts to achieve scholastic success were not in vain. Her academic career completed in three and a half years was marked by a successful attainment in every field. It was not an unusual event to see Marge perusing a Latin, French or German book at different times in the same day!

We shall always look upon Marge as a delightful character, with an altogether striking and pleasing personality—a happy combination of work and play.



IRENE L. PARKER

IRENE has been with us four years, but to each of us she presents a different personality. If you are interested in History, Irene is ready to tell you of something most unusual historically. If you are a science enthusiast, you find in Irene an almost inexhaustible supply of information which recalls to our minds her valuable research work in the Biology class. If you desire knowledge of rifles, or perhaps your interests lie along lines of Social Service—oh, but, we think we might refer you to Irene to help you in almost any difficulty. But even if you have no difficulty, she is an interesting companion. She has a fund of anecdotes, which, when we think of it, is not strange in one of her varied interests.

Irene's scholarship is not of the placid kind. She takes nothing for granted—perhaps it is her scientific attitude of mind that is responsible for this. Frequently in class we have been startled out of our intellectual complacency or even out of a comfortable position, by one of her challenging statements. She always knows some unusual aspect of the question—something undiscovered or neglected by students with a less inquiring mind.

Irene has been an enthusiastic member of the Glee Club and she is an interested spectator of all sports except ice-skating, and in that strenuous sport she refuses to be a mere spectator, but becomes the active participant.

This is Irene as we see her—a student and scientist with sporting proclivities.



MARY J. QUINN

MARY, the artist. Mary, the Spanish senorita. Mary, the capable committee member. Where shall we begin? There is so much that she has done for us, that anything we can say falls far short of the actual facts.

Our first elections installed Mary as a member of the Attendance Committee. From then through to her chairmanship in Senior year, she has done valuable work for this important committee with the utmost fairness and cooperation.

The sudden appearance of posters with an individual touch in design and color proclaimed to us the existence of an artist in our midst. And here was Mary in a new role. Ever since this promising beginning, Mary has lent her talent to the success of Thirty-Two's undertakings. As a member of the Senior Prom Committee, she gave us a delightful surprise in the form of beautifully painted place cards. Now, as Art Editor of FOOTPRINTS she has achieved her most noteworthy success as Thirty-Two's official artist.

As an enthusiastic member of many committees, Mary has been ever active. The Spanish Club has accomplished great things with her as President. With all this, she has been a faithful student, a leader in scholastic work, even a member of the Mercier Circle.

The secret of Mary's progress has been hard work, the value of which she has learned. In that alone we could find an inspiration, just as she has found her success.



FLORENCE V. RAYMOND

"... But so was Napoleon." We immediately picture Florence, who is one of those fair maidens who would rather be small and shine than tall and cast a shadow. Like Napoleon's, Florence's height, which is every bit of four feet, ten inches, has never presented itself as an obstacle to her in her undertakings. She has busied herself for four years with the activities of the Glee Club and was a member of our very efficient Senior Prom Committee.

Florence (curious that we never gave her a nickname) is made up of two distinct natures: one, the light and fun-loving, characteristic of the Italian temperament, the other thoughtful and serious, characteristic of such a thoroughly dependable person. Her dependability brought her the trying job of collecting "hood money" from quivering Seniors who were not sure that they were being worn this year. Indeed, she let us try on the samples, which we did with tremulous joy, as she remarked optimistically that they looked fine on us.

That same enthusiasm in all her affiliations makes it a pleasure to work with Florence and we'll miss it long after the word "hood" loses its magic, and graduation day has faded in the mist.



MARIE M. SABBATINO

PICTURE the most popular hostess of the "Four Hundred," receiving in a brilliantly lighted reception room crowded with sartorially perfect men and gorgeously gowned women. That will be Marie. Picture again, a fashionable group of debutantes talking things over at tea, while their charming hostess pours. Again, Marie. Try to see an earnest cluster of college girls gathered about one curly-headed, blonde miss, all working over some problem. Watch even this same group in gym clothes, with the same central figure, romping out on to the basketball court. How naturally Marie fits into everyone of these varied pictures. Regal, intimate, studious, energetic—she has a personality as colorful as a kaleidoscope and as changeful. Always, though, she is delightful and refreshing.

The number and variety of offices that Marie has filled is really amazing. She was Student Council Representative for three years, and class vice-president in the fourth. She was Chairman of the Junior Prom and of Alumnae Day, and Captain of the class basketball team. Besides this, she swims, plays tennis, is an accomplished horsewoman and doesn't know what red ink looks like on a report card. Can anyone beat that for a busy collegiate career?



MARY W. SHEEHY

TO us, vivid is the word that best describes Mary. Perhaps this impression is doubly borne out by an intensity of speech and of manner that immediately characterizes her. Then proceed to imagine a jaunty, "devil-may-care" spirit mingled with this, and you really can't deny that you have a delightfully interesting result.

To give you just a trifle more light—Mary has lent her conscientious attention to the English department, and in her leisure time she has favored the Glee Club, the Dramatic Society and the Social Service Group.

She isn't afraid to work but prefers to do it where she's interested—for which you can't blame her. It is note-worthy, though, that Mary is interested in almost everything.

If anyone were to ask us to name one of the phenomena of Thirty-Two, we'd speak right up, for anyone who took English 18 will never forget Mary Sheehy's refusal to worry in the survey course in English Literature.



CLAIRE M. SMITH

FOR the past four years, Domina Smith has pursued the Classics with avidity. And now as she terminates her collegiate career she is much concerned with a defense of her beloved subject—Latin. She has scrutinized the Classical Investigation to the point of eye-strain, and has been caught lately cutting clippings from current periodicals with such titles as “Ad Infinitum” for arguments for her thesis: “Latin is still among the living.”

However, she has not neglected the Glee Club, and, between translations, has managed to raise her voice in song. As a very efficient committee member she aided in putting over our Senior Prom with a bang.

In all her activities Claire remains calm, unruffled and inimitably correct—and we say that in spite of the fact that you have probably heard her recite her own version of “What a funny little bird the Frog are.”



GERTRUDE E. UNSER

“**A**ND Gertrude Unser’s name led all the rest”—so was it inscribed on the golden scroll of scholarship. An insatiable thirst for knowledge, combined with her tenacity of purpose, have promoted Gertrude to the very topmost rung of the ladder. Evidence—she was elected President of the Mercier Circle. Besides, as Business Manager of Loria, Gertrude has put into play all the resourcefulness and capability which is so essential for the getting of checks and ads. Her Teutonic leanings found an outlet in her able direction of the German Club, in which her hidden prowess as a chorister was brought to light. It was all due to the principle of transfer of training, you see—years of choral attendance at the Glee Club had uncovered her surprisingly alto voice. Result—she became “Mike, Mike with the ‘intellect’.” But to crown all these achievements, Gertrude was appointed Chairman of the Commencement Dance in recognition of love for amusement as well as for learning.

Gertrude represents the true scholar, the earnest student, plus the lover of fun, and we are sure that such a combination will make a success of everything which Life has to offer Gertrude.



MARY R. WHELAN

HERE'S the other half of that inimitable cheer-leading team, Worthley and Whelan. Is it any wonder that the Varsity put in such a successful season? And speaking of cheer-leading, we've come to wonder if it has any connection with "dramatic declamation." As far as Mary is concerned, we're sure it must have, for not only can she yell with a will, but she "orates" with a vengeance. If Mary's accent in "The Face on the Bar Room Floor" keeps improving, she'll be fooling even the natives.

Mary has held some very responsible positions in Thirty-Two's affairs. She managed Field Day in Senior year and showed a business acumen in purchasing awards, and a scrupulousness in measuring baffling distances that you never would have associated with so gayly frank and so charmingly whimsical a temperament. In arranging the Senior Prom, of which she was Chairman, Mary left nothing undone that might have made the evening a success. That shows she knows how to have a good time herself and how to plan one for others.

Best of all about Mary, however, is her delightful sense of humor and the winning way it is combined with big, brown eyes, reddish brown hair and a smile that is a smile.



MARY A. WHITE

MARY is the kind of girl that everyone likes, because she hasn't lost her easy, friendly manner, while she worked for A's in courses.

Besides winning her laurels as a Latin major, Mary leads the class in Stenography and Typing, proving that Latin students are good for something besides general culture. As our class Treasurer for the past two years, she has kept our funds just the way we feel funds should be kept. In fact, her financial manipulations were so good that she was made Chairman of Treasurers—a perfect guard against the muddle of unbalanced budgets and overdue accounts.

And that's not all. Mary's been on numerous committees, has been in Glee Club for three years and has supported every social affair we've ever had.

We shall always remember Mary as the executive and the student, but above all as the budding actress, the latter half of the team of "Null and Void."



GLADYS R. WORTHLEY

CAN you picture a basketball game without cheer-leaders? Well, no more can you imagine a St. Joseph's basketball game without Gladys Worthley and Mary Whelan, garbed in white and gold, leading the yelling in the stands. They've done it together for two years now, and it's a sure thing that the fans are going to be a little lonely when they're gone.

Socially speaking, Gladys ranks high. She never missed a college affair, to our knowledge, and she has always been the life of the class parties. Somebody nominated her, and she was unanimously elected "class crooner." She's better than a crooner, however, for she knows all the words to all the latest songs—just in case you're wondering where you can get them.

On the scholastic side, it suffices to say that we've come to classify history as an instinct with Glad, and literature as a particular hobby. Because these things are so like second nature in this class favorite, we've never had to fear a nervous breakdown on her part. Maybe it's a good thing too, for imagine what would happen if so expert a rifle shot as Gladys developed homicidal tendencies.

Anyhow, Glad, here's to you. May you never lose one iota of that sporting spirit of yours and may your "Glad" days be many, is the wish of Thirty-Two.

Class History

WE have spent four years at St. Joseph's; four long years in which we have grown from careless children to purposeful women. In retrospect, this transformation seems to have been accomplished all too quickly. But if we pause and review, we see that it was really a gradual evolution.

October 1, 1928 was the day of days for the members of the Class of Thirty-Two. Timid, ambitious, expectant, yet doubtful, we mounted those impressive steps at 245. Class at nine o'clock ("and a quarter of a minute late, young ladies, means a half-cut") put us into the swing of college life. During the first morning we all felt more or less forlorn and friendless as we saw the upperclassmen bridging the gap of the summer and strengthening the friendships of previous semesters. But this forlorn feeling was not permitted to persist. That first day the Juniors made us welcome at a luncheon given in our honor. We had been introduced to the scholastic side of St. Joseph's and now we came to know the social life. We were no longer strangers. We had been adopted into the inner circles.

Just as we began to feel that we were attaining something of dignity, we were severely put in our places by the Sophomores. In shirtwaists, checked skirts, men's straw hats, motormen's gloves, high sneakers, and high-heeled rubbers, we afforded splendid material for their empirical study of Barnum's famous quip. Amy Fraas saw to it that her committee sufficiently and effectively impressed us with our insignificance. But the true spirit of the Sophomores could not be submerged more than a few days, and after hazing was over, we were given a wonderful party which established friendships not soon to be forgotten.

The Sophomores' approval seemed to be the signal for everyone's taking us into the hallowed groups. From then on a series of social events filled our calendar. We cannot pass over the quizzes, blue-books and yellow slips that dotted our somewhat full careers, which were topped by that first Commencement, and our change of estate from Freshman to Sophomore.

Perhaps because we were eager to start all our work in the new building, or because we were on tip-toe to plunge once more into the delightful life at St. Joseph's, we returned to 253 in the latter part of September, 1929, fresh and anxious. Now we had that warm, satisfying feeling of "belonging." We were fit (so we thought) for life at St. Joseph's and we felt the great urge for making the Freshmen fit too. Suiting the action to the words, Marie Nolan and her committee worked out the gruesome details. The result was very gratifying to us, but a bit harrowing for the new Freshmen.

Eleanor Hennessy continued as our class president, and under her guidance the Sophomores effectively carried out their scholastic and social programs. In spite of these social activities, we found time to put behind us the required courses that had loomed so large on the horizon of Sophomore year. Then more yellow slips, more blue-books, and Commencement again. This time it was our sister class that we must watch leave us. And we were Juniors.

Juniors—could it be possible? Were we the class that has Freshman sisters? It seemed only yesterday that we were Freshmen ourselves. Still, it was so, for we had already met those new sisters. Then at a luncheon (much in the same way that we had been welcomed) we welcomed them as a group. Eleanor Hennessy had so efficiently led the class for two years that she seemed the natural choice for Junior class president, and so she took the lead again.

Early in the first semester, many hat brims suffered unnecessary tugs, and many hands went coldly gloveless solely for the purpose of exhibiting those recently acquired priceless possessions, our college rings. The term rolled on and we were so engulfed in our work as Juniors that, before we knew it, it was Christmas. And what does Christmas mean to a Junior? Why, the Junior Prom! Will you ever forget how important we were, what plans we made—or what fun we had, thanks to Marie Sabbatino and her committee? That Prom was undoubtedly one of the high-lights of our college lives.

After a slight intermission for exams, a new semester began. It began for us with Junior Week, a week made glamorous by new clothes, parties, plays and celebrating. Mary Crowley and her committee had arranged it all and a more successful "Monday to Friday" we never enjoyed. The year was rounded out with the usual events that make St. Joseph's St. Joseph's. Commencement once again and this time we were Seniors.

Senior year—and we were on the last lap, with our goal in sight. Were we glad the race was nearly over—or sorry? Certainly mingled with whatever of joy or pride we felt, there was a touch of regret, a sense of losing something, which would color the winning of that race. Soon our right to be an integral part of life at St. Joseph's would resolve itself into a privilege. We almost wanted to go more slowly, to put off as far as possible the change. But scholastic and social demands took more time than ever and the term seemed to fly past.

"Social affairs" cannot describe adequately the marvelous times we had during our last year. Angela Deegan as president, led the class into its final whirl of activity, which included Parents' Day, the "Marine Grill," and the usual interclass parties. Christmas week meant the Senior Promenade at the New Yorker—a prom that was gay and different,—with the slightly exotic flavor which only a hotel dance has—an altogether delightful affair for which we proffer thanks to Mary Whelan and her splendid committee.

Exams were soon upon us again, but the usual tension accompanying them was relieved by eager anticipation of the Trust Fund Bridge, and our slight participation in the happiness of Thirty-Three in their Junior Week. A short lull in the social life gave us time to think of things, and about this time you could begin to notice the almost wistful glances of Seniors at new programs, and at the scholastic announcements on the Official Bulletin Board. You noticed that they were not so eager to cut class or miss meetings. In fact, they didn't want to miss anything that was left in the remaining short time of Senior year. We would have to leave all those things so soon to go out to face—what? The world seems large and a little forbidding when you think of it that way. Anyhow, the Easter holidays, and "Le Barbier de Séville," "You and I," and "Ho Ho Horn" came just in time to revive us and send us forth courageously to attack our finals. Then, even they were things of the past, and now, here today, we are starting those last days of fun that the Class of Thirty-Two will share, days that Lillian Kelly and her committee have planned as a fitting *finale* to four years of college life.

Those four years have held much of sadness and gladness, of folly and wisdom, of doubt and certainty, but we shall look back upon them with a feeling almost of reverence. Every remembrance will be a flower along whatever path we tread, a rosemary reminder of the sweetness in life. We shall keep these tokens in the treasury of our hearts, and cherish them as links between St. Joseph's and the Class of Thirty-Two.

JOSEPHINE AGNES McKEON, '32.

Class Prophecy

Today we'll break the future's seal
To discover what she can reveal;
From books of deeds we'll lift the veil,
To see our place in Life's old tale.

There! Six years have passed along the way.
The seventh follows—we'll make it stay;
For there's revealed to us our fate.
List, you who yearn to hear your state.

* * *

Judge Deegan in Highest Collegiate Court
Gives judgment on matters of weighty import.
Marge Kenny, our quiet, efficient one, very,
Assists her old classmate as first secretary.

On the Riviera, state social reports,
In season Marie Sabbatino disports,
Marie Mammo's income's a very large sum,—
An "Efficiency Expert" Marie has become.

From fame and renown Eleanor Hennesy withdrew
To a cozy apartment just furnished for two.
Today, 'twas announced in Society Column,
Kay Frey was a bride at ceremonies solemn.

Emma Holland, proprietress of "Night Club Nautical,"
By being novel all competitors did quell,
She imported a crooner of world-wide fame—
Gladys Worthley, who's put Bing Crosby to shame.

This leading grill features "Gammon's Band"—
For Sara's trumpet is known through the land.
It also features Miss "Kay Keenan's Dollies"
Who have just closed a season with Flo Ziegfeld's Follies.

To the Broadway stage Mary Sheehy dictates.
Criticism from her decides all plays' fates.
Marion Brennan who worked at St. Joe's for the poor,
Is a post-grad at Fordham, \$20,000's the lure.

Mad Kendall is one of our class's successes.
She, a house and a car and a husband possesses.
On the next street to her lives Mary (née White);
She, too, spurned teaching for a little home site.

As a sprinter Kay Eppig Olympically shines
Her training was catching the 5:59's.
A great reputation has Marge Cooney, M.D.—
She mends kiddies' dollies without charging a fee.

Social lions devour Miss McMahon with glee;
"My speech training's responsible," explains she.
In her parish interests Margaret Leahy persists,
Despite business distractions she's the head Sodalist.

The United States History Club at a late meeting
Was delighted to hear President Gaffney's greeting,
The speaker of the evening, in a talk on "Bull Run,"
Quoted facts from a book by Lucille Jacobson.

A Utopian course in Spanish is sought,
It has for its champion Annabelle McCort,
Edith Meara, intellectual of '32's class,
As a cook applies ethics: conserving on gas.

Rose Kennelly, for years has researched in Ethics,
To settle the problem—should girls know dietetics?
Miss Cogan, to answer this question has tried,
Her decision is "Yes." She has taken man's side.

Helen Curran's great work is obtaining more pay
For the maltreated workman who's in a bad way.
Kay Driscoll her life to statistics devoted,
She'll prove to the world why our class is so noted.

Katherine Kelly, who caroled her way into fame,
Has made Galli-Curci flee opera in shame.
While Lo Fournier's work on legitimate stage
Has made "Casey's Bat" the latest new rage.

'32 learned goodies in small bundles come.
Flo Raymond now has one that sucks its thumb.
Marge Oliver, also, was one of the "small" few;
She's appreciating the statement—she has two.

Marie Nolan's wit column has gained renown,
Her parodies and quips are the talk of the town.
"The Home Problem" column Chris Barton now writes:
For husbands and wives she adjudicates fights.

Equestrienne Burns has set such a pace,
In despair other riders abandoned the chase.
Another fair rider has leaped into print—
Mary Kaicher has taught the gym horse to sprint.

American athletes in one voice acclaim
Frank Dieckert is best at Olympic Games.
Rita Giery, of Cowley and Kelly and Giery,
Still recommends "Life-Savers for mentally weary."

"Brooklyn's Speech School" is Society's choice,
Run by Claire Smith who'll improve any voice.
Lillian Kelly, competitor, great numbers entices
In her organized club of linguistic devices.

The limelight no longer holds Le Gallienne, 'tis quoted;
She's retired because Anne Ruth McCormack's more noted.
Betty Cunningham, too, is enticed by the stage;
Since her "Mocking Bird" days, she's become all the rage.

The photographer's joy Mary Hopkins' become,
Her popular visage has brought a nice sum.
Helen Coughlan, designer, chic models displays.
At her shop on Fifth Avenue the smart woman pays.

The Empire State Building looked so lonely and blue—
Artist Quinn set to work and behold! there were two.
The interior appointments demanded smart lines;
So, the expert was chosen,—our Miss Mildred Hines.

And Lecturer Parker on nature expounds
To various Scout Troops on bi-weekly rounds,
Kay Krebs at Math'matics is high in rank;
Her penchant for figures is used by a bank.

France called Mary Dwyer across to her shore;
They needed her accent in teaching folk-lore,
While next door, in Deutschland, at Heidelberg U.,
Fraulein Unser takes honors that are granted to few.

The world now looks bright for Catherine McShane—
She's a captain in business and already famed.
In French, Miss Mulrancy is now so proficient
She cooks in a "cuisine" and not in a kitchen.

French classes have claimed Mary Impellizzeri;
Of teaching the "parlez-vous" she'll never weary.
And Jenny Mauceri now at the Sorbonne
Her "Docteur des Lettres" with honors has won.

Mary Whelan, as cheer-leader once was renowned;
Her twins now surpass her capacity for sound.
To innumerable friends Edna Dawkins appeals
To buy heathen babies from her mission fields.

The little ones don't cry for syrup or soup—
They're wailing for Jo McKeon's bed-time "Goll-ooop."
The law used to be in Kay Bishop's mind,
But her cases, it happens, are not of that kind.

Commuters' philosophy is quite boldly treated
In Miss Engel's novel "Why Trains Should Be Heated."
A violinist of note has hired the Town Hall:
Eleanor Lagana plays there this Fall.

Mil Martin is known as the great athlete
Who indorses a lotion for soothing all feet.
To musicians Marie Foley has proved a bulwark;
She bands them together to play in the park.

Mary Cowley's delight is in managing "weeks"
Like "Clean-Up" and "Get-Up" and "Mend-All-Your-Leaks."
Marion Eldridge shows talents that are really quite rare—
She gives permanents gratis to all who will dare.

* * *

Just seven short years have wrought all this change
If you'd like to know more you'll have to arrange
To return later on when seven more years
Have passed o'er the brows of Thirty-Two's dears.

KATHRYN ANSBRO, '32.

A New Dawn

WEARILY, the young Joseph gazed up at the stars that glimmered far above him. Calmly, serenely they twinkled, myriad points of light flickering unsteadily in their sky like a handful of diamonds tumbled across the softness of black velvet. What a long night it had seemed to the boy leaning against the trunk of the ancient fig tree—a long night and a tiring one. Quietly, lazily the shadowy figures of the sheep grazed down the sloping hillside. It was so still, so lonely.

Suddenly, a gust of wind blew up from the sea, sharp and chill. To the tired shepherd, its touch was more than keen. He rose, and moved about among the animals, herding together those which strayed, and quieting the bark of his huge dog. It seemed vain to try to rid himself of the vague sense of loneliness, almost sadness, which lay over his young and innocent spirit. Slowly, the night wore itself out.

* * *

With heavenly touch, the Dawn-Angel diffused the pale glow of the moon, and left only a spark of luminous silver. Fondling it in his hands, he whispered to it a message, and then sent it spinning and flashing to earth—a moonbeam. Quick, on the Sea of Galilee, it descended, and led those shadowed waters to the shore in ripples of light. It whispered its joyous message to the fertile soil of Palestine, and the earth breathed out the odor of fruit. It sang a psalm of glory to lilies in a garden, and blessed their petals with a strainless white. Through the branches of the queenly olive tree it glided, and those feathery limbs bent low in deep humility. It touched the first lonely heart it found, and left it glowing with a new light, a new sweetness, and a new love. All Nature seemed to wait in reverent awe the message of that moonbeam. Then, like a hurrying breath filling the earth and the heavens with a celestial harmony, came the sound of a music divine —

“I Am the Resurrection and the Life”

* * *

Joseph picked up a little lamb that strayed about his sandaled feet. Andrew, his friend, who sometimes watched the night with him on that grassy slope, approached and threw himself upon the now warm earth. How good to have the night finished and the sun shining. How bitter cold that night had been.

“Andrew, did you see the dawn creep through the sky, scattering the last of the moonlight before it?”

“Bah—I slept—and well I slept under the sheltering boughs of my favorite tree. Should I wake for a sunrise?”

“But, Andrew, this was not the same, not just sunrise. There were new colors in the sky and on the fields, a sweeter breath on the morning air. It was not just the coming of a new day. It was the coming of a new life, the fusing of a new voice, the swelling of a new song. It was a hymn—a hymn of praise!”

JANE B. GORMAN, '34.

Valedictory

THIS is not farewell. We somehow cannot say it. There is something sad-
dening about the word, something irrevocable and final. It implies that there
shall be no returning, and it ignores that which we take away with us, and that
which we leave behind us. There is within us all that we have found here, and
there is in all about us those things which we have given of ourselves. To these
intangible lightnings of the spirit no goodbyes can be said, for they have no
language and have need of none. There is no passing of time for them, and there
is no space can contain them. They are the things that link us with the daughters
of St. Joseph's who have gone before, and that make us part of all her daughters
that shall be. There is no communion comparable to that which makes its par-
takers one in aspiration, in that "seeking" that keeps the human heart alive, and
makes it beat with purpose. And we believe that all who ever were within these
walls have come here—seeking.

They wanted something that had all their lives eluded them, and which they
could not quite define. It was something of God, something of poetry, something
of pain, and something of earth. It was a need, a yearning that strained for ful-
fillment. Work and study could not entirely satisfy. Play and pleasure were in-
adequate. It was bigger than these things, and deeper. Not having it, and not
knowing it, was like struggling for sound with a tongue suddenly dumb. And
then, quite simply, we knew what it was. We wanted to live, and in all these
things we found living.

We found God here in so many ways. Under our roof—always. In our
hearts so many sweet and sudden times. In other people's faces, and in their
deeds.

We found poetry, too. Not only in the books—the ancient books and the
new books that we have come to know and love,—but in the newness of every day,
in an unexpected friendliness, in the glory of little things.

And pain was here too. The bitter with the sweet. Mistakes and disap-
pointments touched our days. We found the minor strain that makes music
which was merely sweet, a thing of poignant ecstasy. And as in all pain and labor,
we found growth. Trial has a way of rousing courage; and sorrow with the
strength of the heart becomes valor. We have seen such growth here, and we
were proud in watching it.

The things of earth we found at last, and we found them good. We had
lived too much in a world of our own making, and reality was hard to face. There
was no one on earth more reluctant to emerge from a shining dream than we, as
we came here. But this has been a miniature world, and we are the better for
it. We have not forgotten the dream, but we have put it aside for the struggle.
We have put in its place a vision—clear and bright—and we have found the
things to work with. We have learned to live with people, to judge them, to
help them and to be helped, to bestow our approval, or to withhold it. We have
kept our aspirations—but we have hold of something more tangible now. We
have learned to think and act and work. We have kept our ideals, neither flaunt-
ing them, nor smothering them, but holding them up with strong and purposeful
hands. We can look up now, at the stars, while yet we feel the earth beneath our
feet, and are grateful for its warmth and fragrance. We are not, mercifully
imprisoned in an academic fortress, unmindful of human needs. We are of
the world, not outside it, nor above it. We have, in a measure, found what we
had come to find. We are living now.

KATHERINE KELLY, '32.

Traditions and Ideals

ANY one who writes a paper or delivers an address about her college, invariably speaks in grandiloquent terms of its "traditions" and "ideals." We, at St. Joseph's, are no exception to that general rule. We, too, like others, are prone to accept those terms as we hear them, without thinking what they mean or what they represent. That is a pity, for ours are real; we are constantly aware of their influence; we breathe their atmosphere. What are they, then, these all-pervading traditions and ideals?

Primarily, we are a Catholic College, and, as such, possess a spiritual background which enhances and throws into relief the work we do. Our founders intended to further the Catholic education of women. In that purpose we can find ours. First, we are to be Catholic, not only in the religious sense of the word, which we all understand, but in its larger sense of universality. Secondly, we are to be women, which means we are to be true, genuine and sincere. Lastly, we are to be educated, which does not mean learning history and Latin and mathematics alone, but means the widening of interests, the developing of a sense of values and of the fitness of things, and of a sense of humor and of toleration. All this, as I have said, is traced against a background of religious training which tempers and lends a tone to every activity. How are we to accomplish all this?

It is the College which supplies the religious training and the secular education. The former is never in the nature of forced piety which might antagonize or make hypocrites of so many of us. It is rather a suggested spirituality of which we are always aware, because it has been made so integral a part of our college life. Our chapel, our daily prayers, our statues, our noonday Benediction, are all there for us if we want them. Is it not significant, then, that we do want them?

Our opportunity to become something of the "Women" we want to be, is given, in a measure, in our extra-curricular activities. A social life which demands something of each individual will bring out that individual's best qualities. When she can work in union with others in her own sphere, and deal in a small way, with the problems of such a social life, she is preparing herself to take a place in a larger, more complex world. She will grow and develop in imagination, originality, and initiative. We know that that is true, because we have found it so here at St. Joseph's. In our extra-curricular activities, we have been given a free rein and a broad scope, and whatever of ability we may have possessed has been allowed to assert itself. We have been free to do things for ourselves, from entertaining the student body to governing it. Such freedom is an incomparable opportunity for learning to be faithful to a trust, deliberate with responsibility, genuine in our dealings, and sincere with both ourselves and others. In short, it has helped us to become "Women."

For the secular education, the college maintains her ideals by setting standards for entrance requirements, scholastic achievements and degree requirements, and it is a matter of record that no exception has ever been made to the detriment of these high standards. We can adhere to our purpose by striving to appreciate the spirit of these standards and by helping the college to maintain them. But, we can never accomplish this by merely doing as we are told (although that in itself is something), or by trying to scrape by with the least effort. What can be done then, that we not only may get the greatest benefit out of our scholastic life, but may also leave our impression on the college when we are gone? That is the problem. To my mind, the solution lies in the very work we do in extra-curricular activities. Why can't we effect a carry-over from that side of college life to the scholastic side? Why can't we bring something of individuality and originality into our studies? Must we follow each other and the professor like sheep, always needing a prod to keep us in motion? Why cannot we be independent, enterprising, really active? Perhaps we have been afraid of work; perhaps we have never

learned how really fascinating work can be when it is our own, or learned that it is there our greatest happiness lies. In any event, if we could bring some of the imagination and a great deal of the creative effort into our studies that we expend in extra-curricular activities, we would certainly be fulfilling our purpose in its largest sense. A broader viewpoint, a keener sense of values, a better knowledge of human nature, and a more finely balanced emotional life, are the inevitable results of a really scholarly attitude.

We know, then, just what our traditions and ideals are. We know, too, just how the College maintains them, and how we can help to raise them even higher than they now are. With all this in mind, don't let us smile when those words are mentioned, but rather stop and think of what they can mean to us not only now, but in later years when the College spirit has long been laid to rest with the ghost of many less precious memories.

Laura A. Fournier, '32.

Nocturne

Once—the scarlet stain
Of you, beloved rose-tree,
Upon the grass had lain.

And chaste moonlight, cool
Winnowed by the wind,
Drank deep, as from a pool,

Your sweet long-sought-for breath
Of incense rising on the night
And surging, soft, to death.

*Oh, unappeasable beauty, bare and stark,
Again — this purple evening—
Your warm-leafèd loveliness glazes dark,*

*Drawing strange, forgotten doors apart.
And infinite, crimson memories
Are quivering in my heart.*

Kathleen Sheehan, '35.

We'll Be Lonesome For—

THERE are very many reasons for being sorry to leave St. Joseph's. It will mean leaving our friends and our familiar haunts and all those places and people with whom our lives have been so bound up for four years. But, if you were to ask a Senior for a very specific reason, you'd probably be a little surprised at the things she'd single out. Perhaps she would start this way: "Well, I don't know—remember . . . ?"

Yes, remember the dances that loomed so large on our collegiate horizon. We longed for our Junior Prom—it passed all too quickly; we dreamed of our Senior Prom, only to find the dream too soon realized. Then, those other dances—of the college or of other colleges—how we loved to exclaim over escorts and favors—how we gloried in the thrill of getting all dressed up, wondering what the corsage would be, and if it would match, dancing till our feet hurt, then discussing the affair over hot turkey sandwiches and coffee in Borough Hall Childs, leaving the more minute analyses of men and clothes for the next day. Dances formed our chief social activity, and no matter what ones we may attend in the future, they'll never be quite like those we shared together in college days.

Remember what an important part food played in our every college day? The way we'll miss Ryerson's will probably be equaled only by Ryerson's economic depression after our departure. We fear that nowhere else will our individual tastes be so perfectly or uniquely catered to. For the girl with more time than usual on her hands, would come the call of Loft's and a chicken luncheon. For the between-time snacks—how shall we replace Frey's, the College Drug, and the suitably distant Lee's?

Remember the feeling we experienced this year which will probably never find duplication in our lives—that of enduring agonizing intervals of waiting between unbelievably early arrivals at school and the important conferences during which we disclosed our appreciation of ethical subjects with the Dean. While we're on the topic, will we ever again pore over a *Cyclopedia of Civil Procedure* or a *Frey's Business Law*? We really took great pride in what we thought we knew about law. And the necessity of dashing madly to the library to secure the books before anyone else, added to the interest and suspense.

Remember those annual events—class parties and Class Days—those days when we put on our best dresses, bought ourselves a corsage of roses or of sweet peas, and forgot our scholastic worries for a few hours? Perhaps our entertainments at these affairs were beneath our dignity, but they relieved the strain, they were ours, and we loved them. Not only that, but we had dancing after every party—to the music of the Connecticut Yankees over the radio in Fontbonne Hall.

In spite of the way we groaned over our heavy mental labor, we'll miss our scholastic work, too. We enjoyed writing Shakespeare papers, we liked reading French books; teaching, we found, wasn't half bad, and who didn't appreciate that course in Foreign Influences? Studying, we found, could be done in delightful places like the alley with its benches and Sr. Gerardus' flowers. It could even be done on subways and trolleys or over a sandwich and a piece of cake.

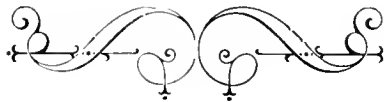
Ah, the things we'll miss are so many! We can have no further active part in Forum. We can no longer feel the thrill of seeing a letter for us on the

window-sill, or being called to the 'phone for that long-awaited call. Our days of program filing and pupil-teacher applications are over. No more informal chats with profs, no more important committees to be on, no more waxed hall floors to slip on, no more locker rooms and bulletin boards, no more second bells, no more delightful G. A.'s. First Friday devotions which meant so much to us—noontime prayers—visits to chapel—are ours no longer within those walls which made them mean so much more to us.

We can sit in Pratt Park still, but it won't be the same, nor will the worried hunts for books in Pratt Library ever parallel those of Senior days. The Empire State Building will never look quite the same as when we used to see it from Clinton Avenue, as it glistened rose and gold in the last rays of an afternoon sun. We'll probably never wonder again if that red light will hold our DeKalb Avenue trolley until we get there, or why the gate must stick when we've only a minute to get to class. In fact, we'll probably never think or wonder a great many of the things we thought and wondered when we were in college or around it.

Remember? Yes, we'll remember, and we will be a little lonesome for all this when we come back and see others in the midst of their enjoyment.

CHRISTINE BARTON, '32.



Last Will and Testament

WE, the members of the Class of Thirty-Two, of St. Joseph's College for Women, in Brooklyn, New York, being of a mind indisposed, and un-sound, do hereby make, publish, declare and warn you that this is our Last Will and Testament.

We direct an executrix, hereinafter to be named, to pay all our just debts whenever she can get the wherewithal.

We give, devise and bequeath:—

First—To Thirty-Three, all privileges which we abrogate by our departure, such as the exclusive use of the Senior entrance and the right to enter G. A. in single file.

Second—To Thirty-Four, any old Dubrays, autographed by us, which may now be found in the pound.

Third—To Thirty-Five, our heartiest permission to give Thirty-Six the works.

Fourth—To Thirty-Six, the courage to brave Thirty-Five—and anything they may find in our lockers which may have been overlooked by Tom when he cleans this summer.

Fifth—To Father Dillon, just one girl, in an Ethics class, who will not forget gas, laundry or husband's pocket money, when she compiles her budget.

Sixth—To Sister Mary John, our warmest affection and sincerest gratitude for her kindly interest and generous help.

Seventh—To Sister Lorenzo, another pair of hands, that may do even more things at once than she can do now.

Eighth—To Sister Charitina, a hand-illuminated map definitely showing Hannibal's march to the sea—or was that Sherman?

Ninth—To Sister Manuella, a French desk 'phone which will abolish the necessity of her running to answer our telephone.

Tenth—To Sister Carmela, a smell-proof laboratory whose walls will absorb any stray odors of carbon disulphide which may be floating about.

Eleventh—To Sister Charitas, special library books, equipped with alarm clocks, to remind borrowers that said books must be returned by nine o'clock.

Twelfth—To Sister Natalie, a new machine which will divide, multiply, add and particularly subtract, so she may more easily figure out the marks in Survey.

Thirteenth—To Sister Gerardus, a nice marble bird-bath to attract our feathered friends to the grotto in the alley.

Fourteenth—To Sister Francis Xavier, a class in which there will not be one girl who will say, "But Sister, I was never good in Math."

Fifteenth—To Sister Frances Antonio, a folio large enough to hold any size or shape of quiz-paper which might be presented to her in class.

Sixteenth—To Sister Lucide, sincerest regrets that she never had the opportunity to meet Thirty-Two in their most famous field, English Prose and Poetry.

Seventeenth—To Father Weist, a few of the original bible stories, suggested by Thirty-Two, which he has never heard.

Eighteenth—To Miss Agnes, a triple-entry system of checking up on people who ordered pennants and pillows and never came to claim them.

Nineteenth—To Miss Walsh, a complete gymnastic outfit, including a rowing machine. That ought to provide enough exercise for any speech class.

Twentieth—To Miss Oliva, a nice, fresh bunch of artificial flowers to be used in the hair of those participating in the annual Fiesta.

Twenty-First—To Miss Fisher, a logical answer in class, someday.

Twenty-Second—To Miss Huschle, a little feather duster to dust off the case books she provides for class reference.

Twenty-Third—To Miss Stack, a private and special DeKalb Avenue car for commuting between St. Joseph's and Brooklyn College.

Twenty-Fourth—To Miss Michaud, a private museum containing all the chef d'oeuvres of French art and literature for the edification of future students of French civilization.

Twenty-Fifth—To Miss Hurley, an extra wheel we found on DeKalb Avenue one day, in case her bike wears out.

Twenty-Sixth—To Miss O'Brien, a large, roomy, completely dark gallery in which to exhibit the artful attempts of Thirty-Two.

Twenty-Seventh—To Miss Bowen, a letter of introduction to Cicero, her favorite, should she chance to meet him in the after-world.

Twenty-Eighth—To Miss Scannell, a whole class which just loves to take showers and can't wait to get in and splash around.

Twenty-Ninth—To Miss Tusa, also a whole class—one which will always answer in the affirmative when she begins "Have you read . . . ?"

Thirtieth—To Mr. Shuster, a palette and brush, so that he may illustrate his sentiments at will and in a form which may be preserved for posterity.

Thirty-First—To Mr. Kileoyne, a wooden gavel which will save wear and tear on his hand, when he wants to emphasize a point.

Thirty-Second—To Dr. Fernsemer, a quart bottle of beautiful blue ink for marking, so that he'll forget there is such a fluid as red ink.

Thirty-Third—To Dr. McDonald, a large and comfortable easy chair that he may further carry out his contention that the indispensable teacher is the one who makes himself useless to the class.

Thirty-Fourth—To Mr. Theroux, a new set of tuning forks on which can be played, with one lesson, the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Thirty-Fifth—To Dr. Hennessey, a copy of "The Mind That Found Itself" that he may often be reminded of Thirty-Two.

Thirty-Sixth—To Mr. Kelly, some budding authors who will bud before the end of the course in writing short stories.

Thirty-Seventh—To Dr. Kloeckner, a sound-proof room to teach in, so that his sonorous voice will not be wafted to other classes also in session.

Thirty-Eighth—To Mr. Ryan, a class entirely composed of education majors, who will be entirely familiar with all the newest tests, results, and case histories.

Thirty-Ninth—To Mr. O'Neill, a compilation of the unusual and unique words in the English language with necessary explanations and diacritical markings.

Fortieth—To Mr. Cosgrove, a passport to Europe in the form of a commutation ticket, thus saving him the trouble of purchasing a new one every time he goes abroad.

Forty-First—To Mr. Van Ormer, a special group to furnish ideas and be subjects for psychological experiments and tests, so that his thesis may contain some revolutionary ideas to stir the psychological enthusiasts.

Anything that remains we suffer to go to the pound for the benefit of the next public auction.

We hereby nominate, second and carry Miss Mardell Harrington, to be our sole executrix who may serve without bond.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we hereunto set our hand and seal this 6th day of June, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two.

(SEAL)

(Signed) CLASS OF 1932.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared to us by the Class of 1932 as and for their last will and testament, in our presence and in the presence of each other, who at the request of the testator hereunto subscribe our names as witnesses.

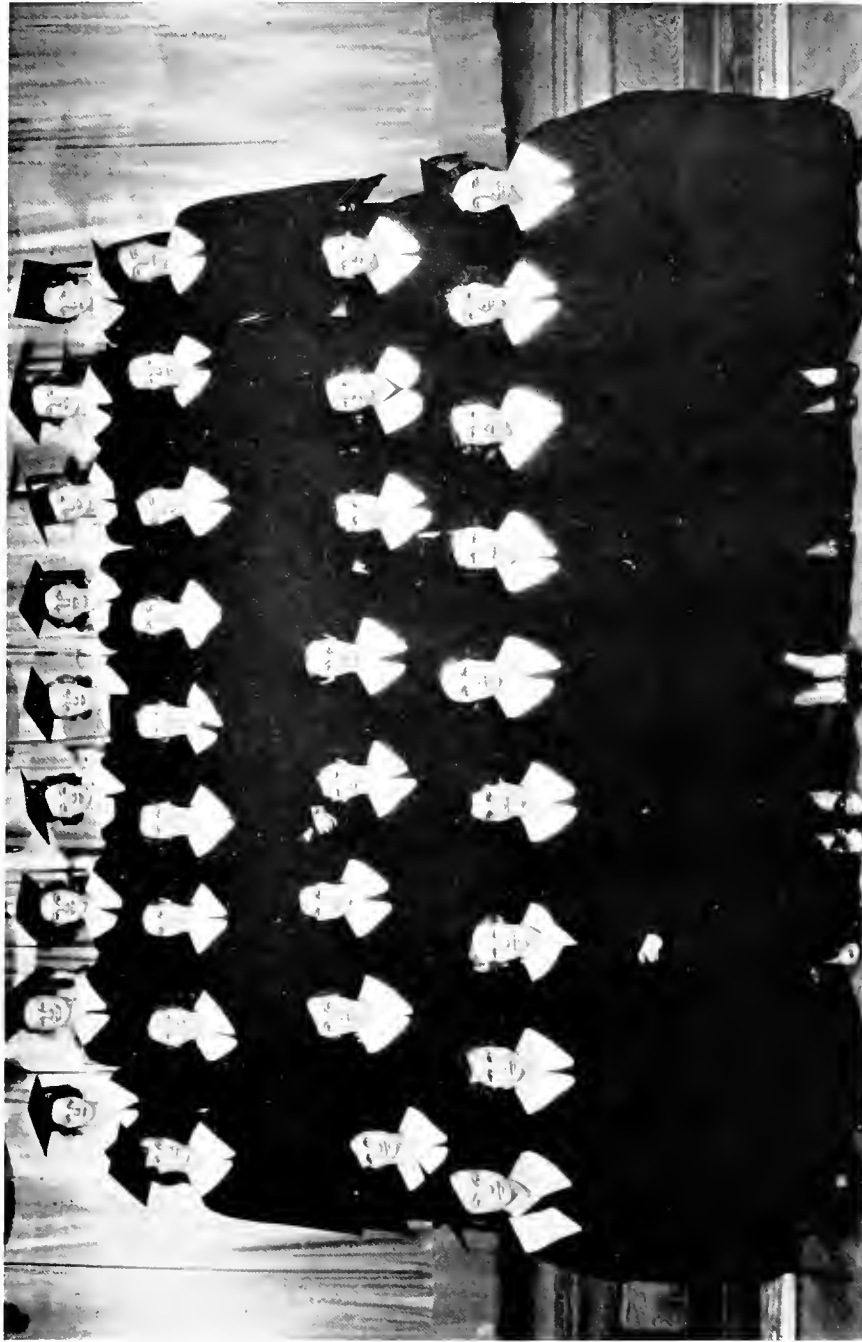
(Signed) BEATRICE MACKINNON,
1334 Union Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Signed) SUZANNE MARTIN,
719 E. 10th Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



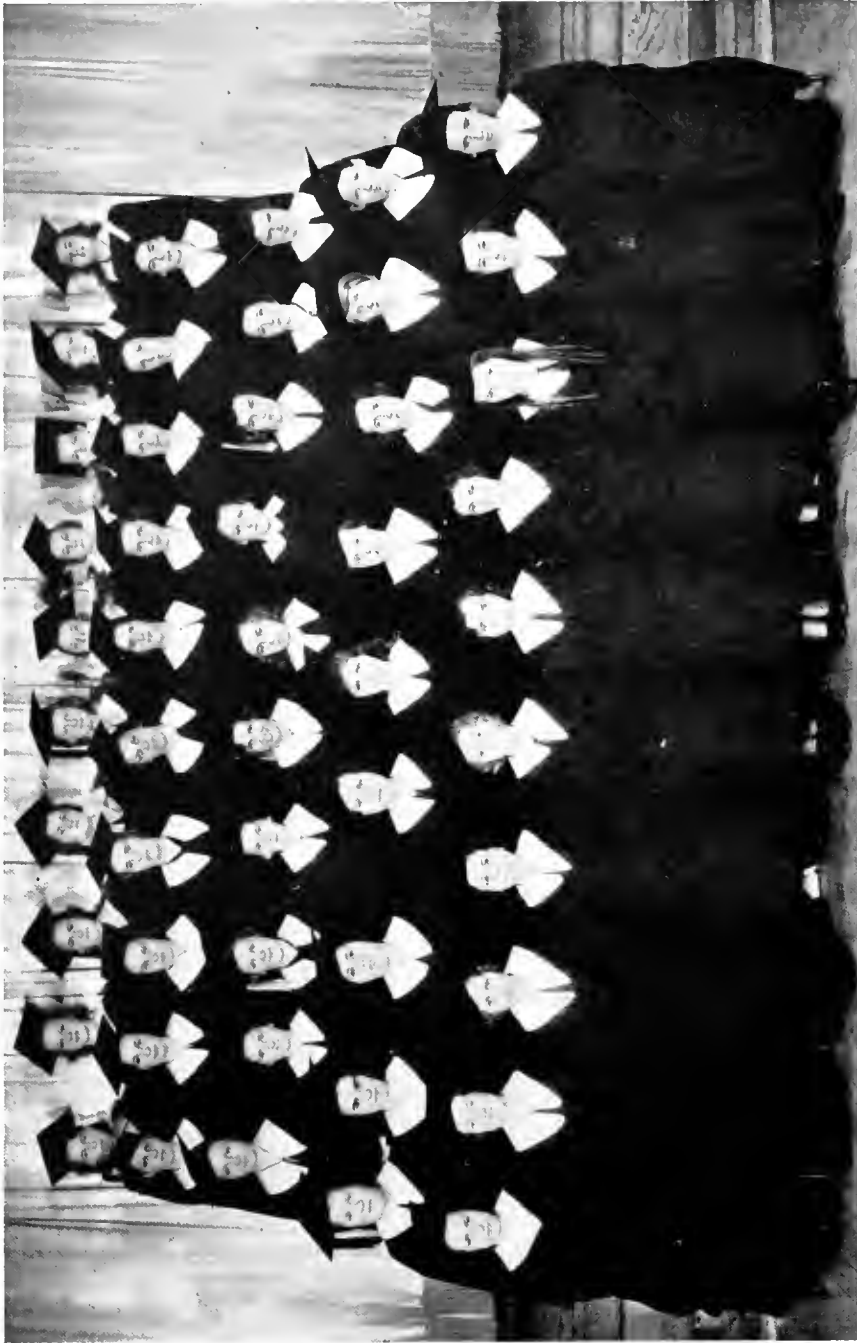
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<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>MARY WHITE</i>
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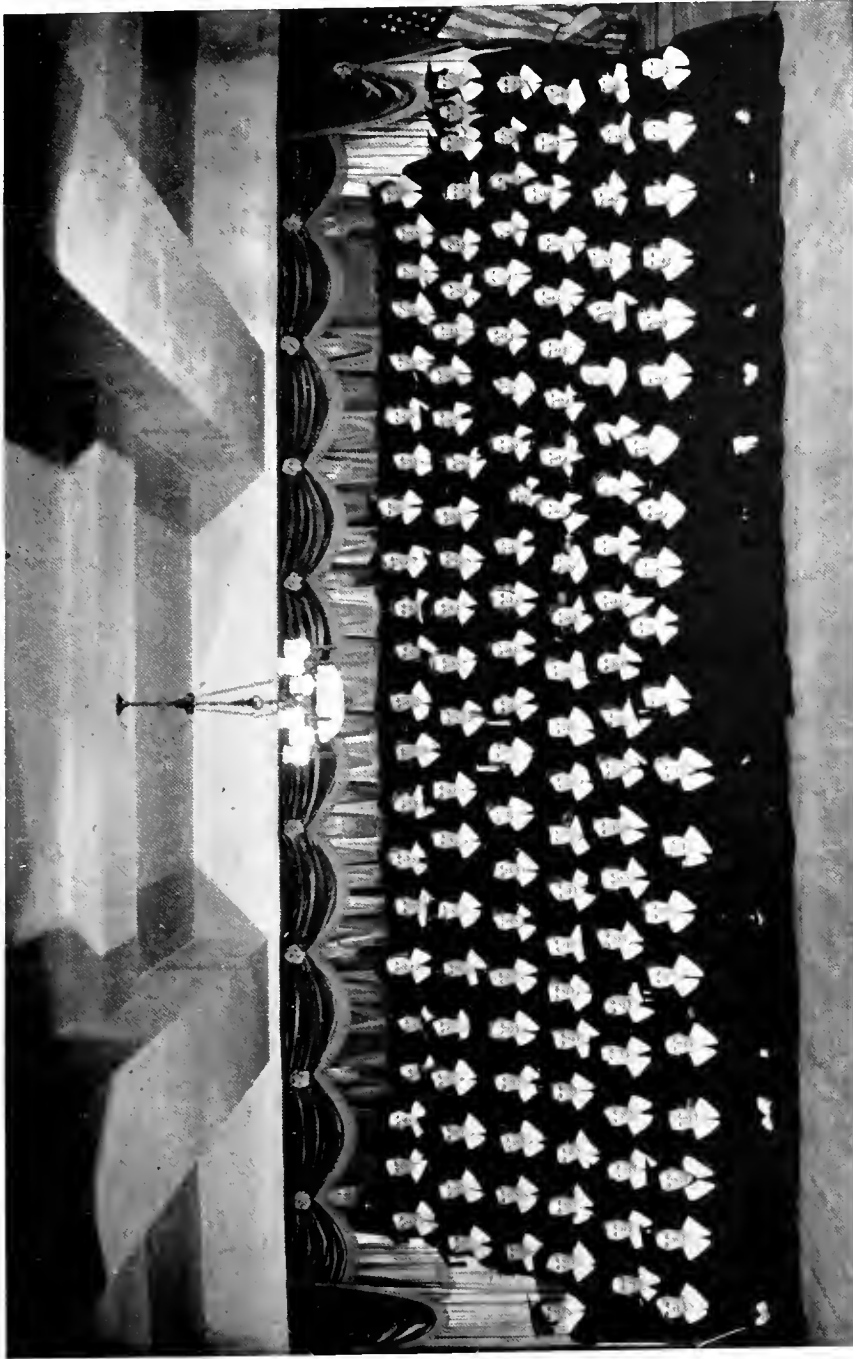
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Councillor.....GRACE TWYFORD



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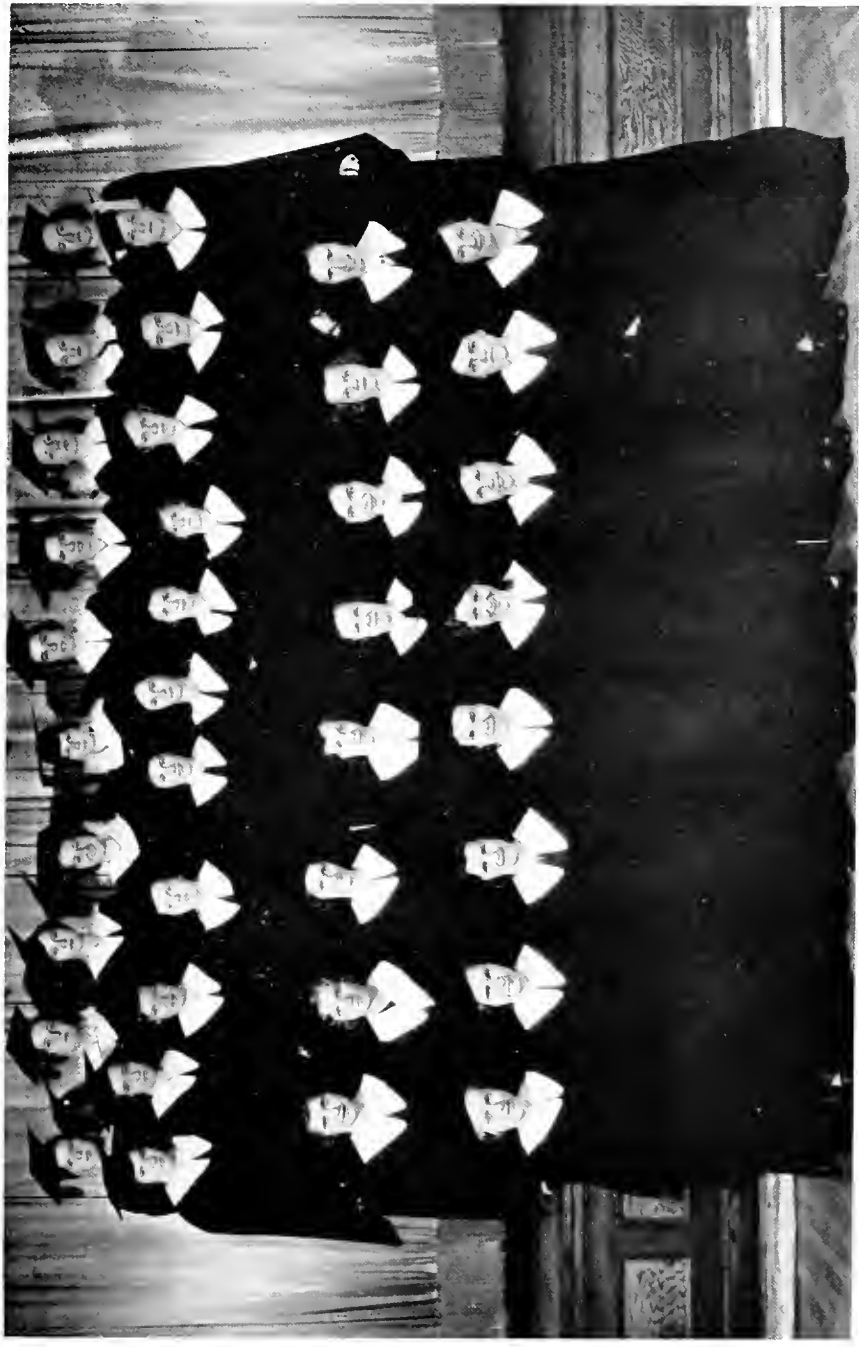
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Vice-President.....JOSEPHINE McKEON *Treasurer*.....AGNES TONER



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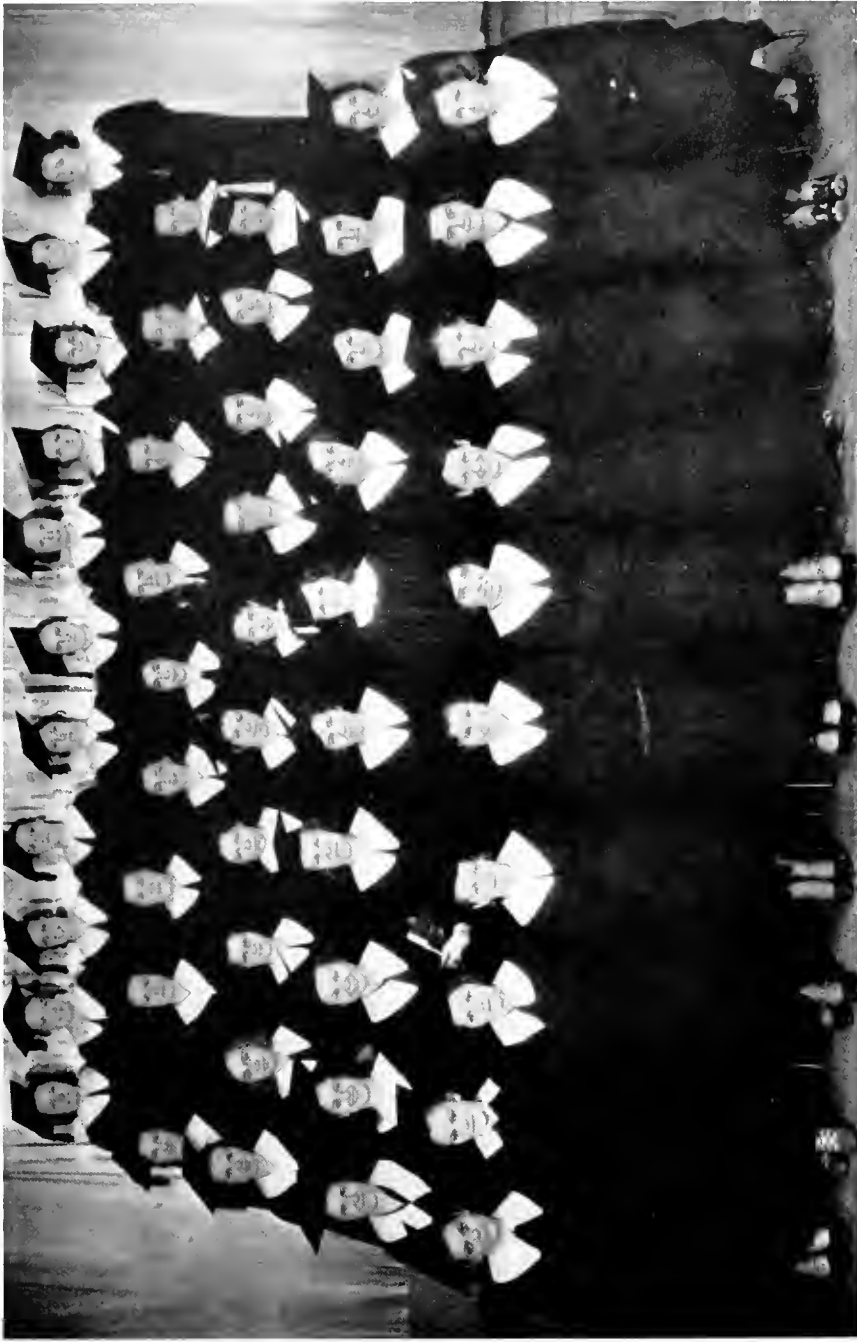
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 Librarian.....ELEANOR FOLEY



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President.....FRANCES DIECKERT
Secretary.....MARGARET BANNON
Treasurer.....EVELYN HARRIS

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ALLEN, CATHERINE.....	351 Maple Street
ALOISIO, VITA.....	839 Hart Street
ANSBRO, DOLORES.....	254 85th Street
ANSBRO, KATHLYN.....	254 85th Street
ANTHONY, COLETTE.....	13 Chestnut Street
BAIocchi, MARIE.....	203 Hunterdon Street, Newark, N. J.
BANNON, MARGARET.....	154 Underhill Avenue
BARNWELL, EDITH.....	42-69 Hampton St., Elmhurst, N. Y.
BARTON, CHRISTINE.....	155 Garfield Place
BERNARD, MARY.....	1290 Nostrand Avenue
BIER, MARGARET.....	8548 88th Street, Woodhaven, N. Y.
BILLIES, MARIAN.....	1665 E. 9th Street
BIRD, VIVIAN.....	272 W. Lena Avenue, Freeport, N. Y.
BISHOP, KATHLEEN.....	452 43rd Street
BLABER, MARIE.....	472 50th Street
BOPP, RITA.....	8264 110th Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y.
BRENNAN, EDNA.....	190 E. 31st Street
BRENNAN, MARION.....	190 E. 31st Street
BROWN, AGNES.....	282 E. 55th Street
BROWN, ROSE.....	207 E. 87th Street, New York, N. Y.
BROWNE, HELEN.....	859 E. 14th Street
BUCKLEY, GRACE.....	521 E. 9th Street
BURGEN, DOROTHY.....	1286 Carroll Street
BURNS, ANNE.....	21 Grenfell Ave., Kew Gardens, N. Y.
BURNS, MARGARET.....	834 Jefferson Avenue
CAGGIANO, AMELIA.....	1072 49th Street
CALLAHAN, MARGARET.....	614 10th Street
CANTWELL, EILEEN.....	243 Princeton Road, Rockville Center, N. Y.
CAPONIGRI, DOROTHY.....	463 W. 44th Street, New York, N. Y.
CARDON, JANET.....	65 So. Village Ave., Rockville Center, N. Y.
CARRANO, SUSAN.....	6 Newington Ave., Hartford, Conn.
CARROLL, CATHERINE.....	624 76th Street
CASALE, CONSTANCE.....	2017 78th Street
CAVALIERE, CARMEL.....	28 Coles Street
CHRISTIE, DOROTHY.....	532 E. 37th Street
CLANCY, ELEANOR.....	1743 Norman Street
CLARKE, ANNE.....	447 Beach 142nd St., Rockaway Beach, L. I.
CLARK, MADELEINE.....	1808 Avenue O
CLARKE, MARGARET.....	257 127th Street, Rockaway Beach, L. I.
CLOTILDE, SISTER M.....	245 Clinton Avenue
COFFEY, BLANCHE.....	123 St. Marks Avenue
COGAN, MIRIAM.....	521 Bedford Avenue
COGAN, REGINA.....	521 Bedford Avenue
COLLINS, HELEN.....	5101 94th St., Elmhurst, L. I.
CONNELLY, ANNA.....	471 8th Street
CONRAN, VIRGINIA.....	196 Midwood Street
COOKE, CATHERINE.....	1053 79th Street
COOKE, MARIE.....	1024 83rd Street
COONEY, MARGARET.....	470 E. 29th Street
COREY, JOSEPHINE.....	130 Targue St., Stapleton, S. I.
COSTARINO, IRENE.....	238 Highland Blvd.
COUGHLAN, GERALDINE.....	650 59th Street
COUGHLAN, HELEN.....	9 Walnut Road, Glen Cove, L. I.
COWLEY, MARY.....	241 Denton Ave., Lynbrook, L. I.

CROXIN, CATHERINE.....12 Merton Ave., Rockville Center, L. I.
 CROXIN, EDNA.....1430 Mansfield Place
 CUDMORE, ANNE.....2076 Ocean Avenue
 CULLEN, MARY.....1066 48th Street
 CUNNINGHAM, ELIZABETH.....237 Baltic Street
 CURRAN, HELEN.....34 King Street, New York, N. Y.
 DALY, MARY.....48-21 91st St., Elmhurst, L. I.
 DANNEMILLER, BARBARA.....7510 4th Avenue
 DARRIE, GILDA.....182 Bay 13th Street
 DAVID, KATHLEEN.....105 Madison Street
 DAWKINS, EDNA.....340 94th Street
 DeCOSTA, ANGELA.....1179 Dean Street
 DEEGAN, ANGELA.....1532 Union Street
 DEEGAN, MARJORIE.....32 Rutland Road
 DEMPSEY, DOROTHY.....524 Beach 131st Street, Belle Harbor, N. Y.
 DENNEN, RITA.....82 Clermont Avenue
 DERMODY, CHARLOTTE.....6596 58th Avenue, Maspeth, L. I.
 DERMODY, HELEN.....631 Sterling Place
 DERMODY, MARIE.....6598 58th Avenue, Maspeth, L. I.
 De SANCTIS, ROSE.....300 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.
 DETLING, IRENE.....253 Hooper Street
 DEVLIN, ELIZABETH.....183 Midwood Street
 DIECKERT, FRANCES.....8942 208th St., Bellaire Park, L. I.
 DIRIG, MARY.....Hancock, N. Y.
 DITOLA, MADELEINE.....442 56th Street
 DOBBY, MARIE.....470 1st Street
 DOHERTY, RITA.....70 Van Sicken Avenue
 DOLAN, MARY.....130 E. Lincoln Ave., Valley Stream, N. Y.
 DONOHUE, MILBRED.....800 Rugby Road
 DOOLEY, AGNES.....726a Jefferson Avenue
 DORNEY, MARGARETTA.....139 78th Street
 DORSEY, JULIA.....129 Clinton Avenue
 DOYLE, KATHARINE.....85 Hawthorne Street
 DOYLE, MARY.....1553 72nd Street
 DRISCOLL, KATHRYN.....464 54th Street
 DUFFY, GRACE.....45 Randall Ave., Rockville Center, N. Y.
 DUNN, VIVIAN.....225 Beach 136th St., Belle Harbor, N. Y.
 DWYER, MARY.....487 6th Avenue
 EASSON, DOROTHY.....79 Surrey Commons, Lynbrook, N. Y.
 ECKHOFF, ELIZABETH.....105-18 88th St., Ozone Park, N. Y.
 ELDRIDGE, MARION.....214 89th Street
 ENGEL, VIRGINIA.....38 Ormond St., Rockville Center, N. Y.
 EPPIG, CATHERINE.....Babylon, N. Y.
 FADROWSKY, LYDIA.....29 Valentine St., Glen Cove, N. Y.
 FAIRBANK, LOIS.....1360 E. 7th Street
 FALLOX, LOUISE.....534 Mansfield Place
 FARRELL, HELEN.....291 Hart Street
 FARRELL, KATHERINE.....332 Lexington Avenue
 FARRINGTON, HELEN.....262 E. 34th Street
 FAY, HARRIET.....120 E. 122nd Street, New York, N. Y.
 FERRICK, DOROTHY.....51-01 44th St., Woodside, L. I.
 FINLAY, GRACE.....652 St. Marks Avenue
 FINN, CECILIA.....191 E. 17th Street
 FITZSIMMONS, ETHEL.....192 Weirfield Street
 FLANNERY, GRACE.....527 85th Street
 FLANNIGAN, MARIE.....27 Bronwell St., Stapleton, S. I.
 FLYNN, KATHLEEN.....Kings Park, N. Y.
 FOLEY, ELEANOR.....153 Lafayette Avenue

FOLEY, MARIE.....270 Marcy Avenue
 FORD, JOSEPHINE.....1001 Sterling Place
 FOURNIER, LAURA.....1384 Troy Avenue
 FRENTZEL, ELEANOR.....373 Weirfield Street
 FREY, KATHERINE.....187 Jefferson Street
 GAFFNEY, MARY.....405 8th Street
 GANNON, SARA.....Westbury, L. I.
 GAVIN, EDNA.....109-05 113th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
 GEBERLEIN, CATHERINE.....2117 Armory Court
 GEGAN, ELIZABETH.....1448 E. 8th Street
 GEORGE, VIRGINIA.....110 Bay 13th Street
 GIAMBALVO, JOAN.....102 Moffatt Street
 GIERY, RITA.....1914 E. 38th Street
 GILLESPIE, ELYRA.....70 Wisconsin St., Long Beach, L. I.
 GILROY, EILEEN.....7025 Perry Terrace
 GOERLITZ, SYLVIA.....131 Foxhurst Rd., Oceanside, L. I.
 GOLDEN, CATHERINE.....16 Polhemus Place
 GORMAN, JANE.....1284 Dean Street
 GRACE, MARGARET.....11602 91st Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
 GRADY, MARGARET.....2315 Avenue M
 GRAVES, ELAINE.....7506 Colonial Road
 GRIESMER, CLARA.....1258 Madison Street
 GRIFFIN, JEANNETTE.....3218 86th St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.
 GRIFFITH, RITA.....7918 11th Avenue
 GROGAN, DOROTHY.....425 Avenue P
 HAECELS, RUTH.....8722 90th St., Woodhaven, L. I.
 HAMILTON, MARIE.....218-15 137th Rd., Springfield Gardens, N. Y.
 HANRAHAN, FLORENCE.....8911 182nd St., Jamaica, L. I.
 HARRINGTON, MARGARET.....122 Hendrix Street
 HARRIS, EVELYN.....582 Pacific Street
 HARRISON, DOROTHY.....422 E. 17th Street
 HAROLD, DOROTHY.....1087 Gipson Street, Far Rockaway, L. I.
 HARRON, MARY.....305 Lafayette Avenue
 HEARNE, ELIZABETH.....461 7th Street
 HECKINGER, MARJORIE.....95-75 112th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
 HEMINGWAY, ELIZABETH.....1332 Union Street
 HENNESSEY, ANNA.....362 65th Street
 HENNESSY, ELEANOR.....165 Prospect Park West
 HENNESSY, HELEN.....2707 Newkirk Avenue
 HERZOG, RITA.....359 Hawthorne Street
 HINES, MILDRED.....8916 187th St., Hollis, L. I.
 HOGAN, CATHLEEN.....135 Eastern Parkway
 HOGAN, REGINA.....1211 Avenue X
 HOPKINS, MARY.....356 5th Street
 HOLLAND, EMMA.....638 E. 23rd Street
 HOLLAND, VIRGINIA.....638 E. 23rd Street
 HOTTENROTH, MURIEL.....2216 Avenue L
 HUGHES, GRETTA.....184 Maple Street
 HYNES, SERENA.....1193 E. 46th Street
 IGNATIUS, SISTER M.....245 Clinton Avenue
 IMPELLIZZERI, MARGARET.....250 Melrose Street
 IMPELLIZZERI, MARY.....250 Melrose Street
 INTONDI, MODESTA.....94 Quincy Street
 IVERS, ELEANOR.....150-27 19th Ave., Whitestone, L. I.
 JACOBSON, LUCILLE.....444 55th Street
 JAMES, SISTER M.....245 Clinton Avenue
 JONES, MARGARET.....416 2nd Street
 KAICHER, MARY.....751 Bushwick Avenue

KAST, CORINNE.....87-19 Union Turnpike, Glendale, L. I.
 KAVANAGH, CHRISTINE.....128 Hancock Street
 KEATING, ANNE.....1072 74th Street
 KEEGAN, ROSE.....30 Vanderbilt Ave., Floral Park, L. I.
 KEENAN, CATHARINE.....438 Clermont Avenue
 KELLY, ANNA.....109-24 108th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
 KELLY, DOROTHY A.....1809 Albemarle Road
 KELLY, DOROTHY M.....312 Sycamore Ave., Merrick, L. I.
 KELLY, GENEVIEVE.....312 Sycamore Ave., Merrick, L. I.
 KELLY, ISOBEL.....3317 Filmore Avenue
 KELLY, LILLIAN.....1051 Ocean Avenue
 KELLY, KATHERINE.....119 Clinton Avenue
 KELLY, RITA.....McCormell Ave., Bayport, L. I.
 KELLY, RUTH.....345 Empire Blvd.
 KELLY, VIVIANNE.....8538 168th Place, Jamaica, L. I.
 KEMP, FLORENCE.....189 8th Avenue
 KENDALL, MADELEINE.....3414 72nd Street, Jackson Heights, L. I.
 KENNA, ELIZABETH.....105 Reid Avenue
 KENNELLY, ROSEMARY.....654 Park Place
 KENNEDY, ELEANOR.....504 7th Street
 KENNY, MARGARET.....52-50 68th St., Maspeth, L. I.
 KIERNAN, HELEN.....124 Locust Blvd., Gibson, L. I.
 KILBOY, MARGARET.....756 E. 2nd Street
 KILGON, DOROTHY.....958 St. Nicholas Ave., New York, N. Y.
 KING, RITA.....685 Sterling Place
 KIRGAN, ANNE.....1635 E. 46th Street
 KOENIG, MARGARET.....5927 Palmetto Street
 KREBS, KATHERINE.....102 Highland Place
 KRUM, RITA.....199-02 104th Ave., Hollis, L. I.
 KUHN, MILDRED.....2520 Maclay Ave., Westchester, N. Y.
 LACQUANTI, ELIZABETH.....1157 75th Street
 LAFAGE, CECILE.....31-29 Buell St., East Elmhurst, L. I.
 LAGANA, ELEANOR.....265 Warren Street
 LACATTUTA, ELEANOR.....349 Cornelia Street
 LANGAN, MARGARET.....513 16th Street
 LATARRACO, GINA.....672 59th Street
 LAURA, HELEN.....2033 60th Street
 LAVERY, MARY.....616 E. 19th Street
 LAVELLE, CATHERINE.....2423 Lyvere St., Westchester, N. Y.
 LEAHY, MARGARET.....79 Downing Street
 LENTINI, LENA.....1138 70th Street
 LILLY, MARIE.....624 Bay Ridge Parkway
 LOFTUS, CATHERINE.....516 61st Street
 LONG, AILEEN.....9213 Lamont Ave., Elmhurst, L. I.
 LYNCH, ANNE.....415 Eldert Lane
 MACKINNON, BEATRICE.....1334 Union Street
 MCCARTHY, ELAINE.....522 8th Street
 MCCARTHY, KATHLEEN.....1737 E. 24th Street
 MCCORMACK, ANNE.....54 Clarkson Avenue
 MCCORMICK, MARJORIE.....8 Stevens Court
 MCCORT, ANNABELLE.....91 Moffatt Street
 McDONALD, ELEANOR.....8701 Shore Road
 MCGOVERN, FRANCES.....3734 60th St., Woodside, L. I.
 MCGRATH, CATHERINE.....9 St. Charles Place
 MCGRATH, MARIE.....87 Monitor Street
 MCGRATTAN, VIOLET.....88-14 51st Ave., Elmhurst, L. I.
 MCGUIRE, ANNE.....148 Midwood Street
 McILDUFF, MARGARET.....563 E. 4th Street

McKEON, JOSEPHINE.....499 8th Street
 McLERNON, MARY.....8638 90th St., Woodhaven, L. I.
 McLoughlin, JANE.....404 4th Street
 McLoughlin, MARY.....404 4th Street
 McMAHON, RITA.....107-18 92nd St., Ozone Park, L. I.
 McMAHON, WINIFRED.....445 Eastern Parkway
 McMULLAN, JULIANA.....200 Prospect Place
 McPARTLAND, DORIS.....1569 E. 34th Street
 McQUADE, MIRIAM.....44-57 Ketcham Pl., Elmhurst, L. I.
 McSHANE, CATHERINE.....687 Madison Street
 MAGUIRE, AILEEN.....253 Hewes Street
 MAGUIRE, DOROTHY.....9524 114th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
 MANNILO, EMMA.....1941 E. 13th Street
 MANNO, MARIE.....565 Lorimer Street
 MARTIN, MILDRED.....330 Lafayette Avenue
 MARTIN, SUZANNE.....402 4th Street
 MAUCERI, JENNIE.....131 Irving Avenue
 MAZZOLI, ANGELINE.....147-10 13th Ave., Whitestone, L. I.
 MAY, CATHERINE.....1165 77th Street
 MEARA, EDITH.....112 Lafayette Avenue
 MERRILL, MARGARET.....497 Eastern Parkway
 MILLIGAN, KATHLEEN.....17 Howard Place
 MISTRETTA, LILLIAN.....1016 38th Street
 MONOHAN, MARY.....45-13 So. 97th St., Corona, L. I.
 MORAN, BEVERLY.....1084 Carroll Street
 MORAN, MURIEL.....209 Maple Street
 MORGAN, KATHERINE.....8604 89th Ave., Woodhaven, L. I.
 MORONEY, BERNADETTE.....136 Senator Street
 MURPHY, DOROTHY.....1254 E. 23rd Street
 MURPHY, MARIE.....145 Columbia Heights
 MUSANTE, MARION.....899 New York Avenue
 NAUGHTON, GENEVIEVE.....714 46th Street
 NAYLON, SADIE.....237 94th Street
 NEALIS, DOROTHY.....627 Delamere Place
 NEUMANN, RUTH.....8745 86th St., Woodhaven, L. I.
 NOLAN, MARIE.....125 Oak Street
 NORTON, MARIE.....220-17 92nd Ave., Queens Village, L. I.
 NORTON, VIRGINIA.....20 Sterling Place
 O'BRIEN, ROSE.....23 Stuyvesant Avenue
 O'CONNELL, MARY.....941 E. 32nd Street
 O'CONNOR, BEATRIX.....47 Rutland Road
 O'CONNOR, CLARE.....474 82nd Street
 O'CONNOR, HELEN.....533 9th Street
 O'CONNOR, MARY.....80 Norman Avenue
 O'DONNELL, HELEN.....104 Adelphi Street
 O'DONNELL, MARY.....514 10th Street
 OLIVER, MARGARET.....27 Clifton Place
 OLIVER, MARIE.....27 Clifton Place
 O'MARA, ROSE.....2316 Loring Place, Bronx, N. Y.
 O'REILLY, ALICE.....8634 105th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
 OWENS, BARBARA.....14070 Burden Crescent, Jamaica, L. I.
 PANITZ, GRACE.....124 Sunnyside Avenue
 PARISI, ANGELA.....1611 Hendrickson Avenue
 PARKER, IRENE.....77 New York Avenue
 PARRINO, MARY.....690 McDonough Street
 PASSERETTI, MARY.....1150 Belmont Avenue
 PEPPARD, MERCY.....1110 E. 38th Street
 PISANI, JOSEPHINE.....2 Oliver Street, New York, N. Y.

PLUNKET, AGNES.....319 St. Johns Place
 POLLOCK, RITA.....959 Bedford Avenue
 POWELL, MARGARET.....1724 E. 24th Street
 PROUT, HELEN.....9258 215th Pl., Queens Village, L. I.
 PYNE, DOROTHY.....466 16th Street
 QUIGLEY, ADELE.....248 Garfield Place
 QUINN, CLARE.....80 Vanderbilt Avenue
 QUINN, MARY.....27 Weberfeld Avenue, Freeport, L. I.
 QUINOTE, MARTHE.....431 W. 121st St., New York, N. Y.
 RAFFERTY, AGNES.....205-18 111th Rd., Hollis, L. I.
 RAFFERTY, MARY.....94 Hamilton Ave., New Brighton, S. I.
 RAJA, PHILIPPA.....289 Troutman Street
 RAYMOND, FLORENCE.....2132 W. 5th Street
 REGAN, GERTRUDE.....127 Rutland Road
 REILLY, GRACE.....52 Bradford Street
 REILLY, KATHERINE.....30 Apollo Street
 RENDA, ROSE.....1661 Benson Avenue
 REYNOLDS, RITA.....2525 Delamere Place
 RIEPE, WILHELMINA.....174 Montose Avenue
 ROBERTSON, ISABELLE.....1271 E. 23rd Street
 ROMANO, CATHERINE.....8005 12th Avenue
 RUANE, HELEN.....9140 112th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
 RYAN, HELEN.....90-29 55th Ave., Elmhurst, L. I.
 SABBATINO, MARIE.....2022 Avenue K
 SCANNELL, ANNE.....344 9th Street
 SCARPATI, RACHEL.....7101 Narrows Avenue
 SCHAEFER, ELIZABETH.....463 Bainbridge Street
 SCHLUTER, MARIE.....903 Bushwick Avenue
 SCHOLLY, MIRIAM.....198 Maple Avenue, Rockville Center, L. I.
 SCHWARTZ, HELEN.....6910 7th Avenue
 SCHWITTER, DORIS.....2015 Avenue P
 SCUDDER, FRANCES.....9408 Springfield Blvd., Queens Village, L. I.
 SCULLY, ADA.....256 Gates Avenue
 SEITZ, ANNE.....293 Fenimore Street
 SEXTON, GERMAINE.....298 Windsor Place
 SHEEHAN, KATHLEEN.....130 93rd Street
 SHEEHY, MARGARET.....17 Foxall Street
 SHEEHY, MARY.....17 Foxall Street
 SHEERIN, GENEVIEVE.....472a 16th Street
 SHEERIN, MURIEL.....9320 Ridge Blvd.
 SHEVLIN, RITA.....92-09 51st Ave., Elmhurst, L. I.
 SINISCALCHI, MADELEINE.....439 Union Ave., Westbury, L. I.
 SMITH, CLARE.....551 4th Street
 SMITH, LORETTA.....2517 E. 19th Street
 SPIES, JOSEPHINE.....163 Egbert Ave., West Brighton, S. I.
 STANTON, REGINA.....107-36 106th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
 STEINBRECHER, MURIEL.....117-14 130th Ave., Ozone Park, L. I.
 STEWART, MARGARET.....1371 Union Street
 STRUGLIA, MARIA.....1231 68th Street
 SULLIVAN, ETHEL.....73 89th Street
 SULLIVAN, KATHRYN.....99-40 55th Ave., Elmhurst, L. I.
 SULLIVAN, ROSALIE.....48-22 92nd St., Elmhurst, L. I.
 TIERNAN, SOPHIA.....356 94th Street
 TIERNEY, ANNE.....5 Schoen Place, Baldwin, L. I.
 TOBIN, DOROTHY.....225 Parkside Avenue
 TONER, AGNES.....768 Hancock Street
 TRIMBORN, ELVIE.....99-44 211th Place, Bellaire Park, L. I.
 TWYFORD, GRACE.....239 Bainbridge Street

TYLER, ISABEL.....	998 Sterling Place
UNSER, GERTRUDE.....	349 Evergreen Avenue
VANDER PUTTEN, ANNETTE.....	913 78th Street
VAUGHAN, FRANCES.....	1470 E. 10th Street, Jamaica, L. I.
VAUGHAN, KATHLEEN.....	114 E. 28th Street
VERMEDIKEN, DOROTHY.....	189-03 Lewiston Ave., St. Albans, L. I.
VIGGLIANO, ROSE.....	8221 19th Avenue
WALSH, AUDREY.....	362 Linden Blvd.
WALSH, GENEVIEVE.....	1131 Carroll Street
WALSH, MARY.....	3681 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
WARD, GRACE.....	539 Garfield Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
WARD, LYDIA.....	539 Garfield Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
WEHMHOEFER, RITA.....	8829 138th St., Jamaica, L. I.
WEINFURT, ELLEN.....	15 Mount Ave., Rockville Center, L. I.
WHELAN, MARY.....	76 88th Street
WHITE, ANNE.....	81 Clinton Avenue
WHITE, MARY.....	81 Clinton Avenue
WIEST, MARY.....	1737 W. 10th Street
WILLIS, CATHERINE.....	607 E. 17th Street
WINHEIM, MARGARET.....	51 Christobal St., Lynbrook, L. I.
WORTHLEY, GLADYS.....	321 Park Place
YOUNG, GERALDINE.....	41-78 Farley St., Elmhurst, L. I.
ZANGLE, ELIZABETH.....	1529 Brooklyn Avenue
ZEGERS, MARGARET.....	458 16th Street

Alumnae Directory

MISS ALICE ADAMS.....	8577 112th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
MISS HELEN ADAMS.....	Brighton Heights, S. I., N. Y.
MRS. GENEVIEVE ARCHIPOLI KELLY.....	145 Lincoln Road (Mrs. Bertram)
MRS. MARION AUBERT McDONALD.....	148-25 88th Ave., Jamaica, N. Y. (Mrs. Thomas)
MISS MARION BALTES.....	Nassau Ave., Inwood, L. I.
MISS ELEANOR BARRETT.....	800 Hancock Street
MISS HELEN BARTHEN.....	149 Kingman Road, So. Orange, N. J.
MRS. MABEL BARTON O'SHEA.....	38 Mansfield Rd., Babylon, L. I. (Mrs. E. T.)
MISS CATHERINE P. BECKER.....	168 Amity Street
MISS HELEN BENNETT.....	622 62nd Street
MISS EMMA BERGEN.....	3872 Bedford Avenue
MISS GERTRUDE BERRY.....	140 82nd Street
MISS CATHERINE BETT.....	824 52nd Street
MISS DOROTHY BIRD.....	8310 35th Ave., Jackson Heights, L. I.
MISS MARY BIRD.....	8310 35th Ave., Jackson Heights, L. I.
MISS MILDRED BOGAN.....	1647 E. 15th Street
MISS MARY BOLTON.....	2 Willow Street
MISS AMY BONNETT.....	388 Park Place
MRS. GENEVIEVE BOSTON SLAVIN.....	514 Bergen Street (Mrs. James)
MISS COLLETTE BOURKE.....	667 Park Place
MISS KATHERINE BOURKE.....	667 Park Place
MISS HELEN BRADLEY.....	Kings Park, L. I.
MISS LAURA BRENNAN.....	2035 E. 18th Street
MISS RITA MARIE BRENNAN.....	4814 Beverly Road
MRS. GRACE BYRNE HILL.....	105 Lincoln Road (Mrs. Harry)

MISS CONCEPTA CASTELLANO.....274 Washington Avenue
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 MRS. ANNA CAMPION SEMPLE.....1953 82nd Street
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 MISS CATHERINE CARRINGTON.....263 E. 32nd Street
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 MISS EUGENIE CORMIER.....240 Waverly Place, New York, N. Y.
 MISS ELIZABETH CORRIGAN.....103 2nd Place
 MISS AGNES CORRY.....167 Quincy Street
 MISS SYLVIA CORSIGLIA.....282 President Street
 MISS MARGARET COSGROVE.....573 2nd Street
 MISS AGNES COUGHLAN.....9 Walnut Road, Glen Cove, L. I.
 MISS CATHERINE COUGHLAN.....9 Walnut Road, Glen Cove, L. I.
 MISS EILEEN COX.....152 Midwood Street
 MISS DOROTHY COYNE.....1295 Sterling Place
 MISS GERALDINE CREEGAN.....Box 203, Centerport, L. I.
 MISS MARY CRONIN.....1430 Mansfield Place
 MISS MARGARET CROWLEY ('26).....862 Lafayette Avenue
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 MISS MARY CUNNINGHAM.....3530 93rd St., Elmhurst, L. I.
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 MRS. HELEN D'ALBORA CUOCO.....52 94th Street
 (Mrs. Mario)
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 (Mrs. E. J.)
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 (Mrs. Thomas F.)
 MISS HELEN DELANY.....842 Park Place
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 MRS. THERESE DEVÖE CREEM.....4027 Gleane St., Elmhurst, L. I.
 (Mrs. John)
 MISS GERTRUDE DILWORTH.....8938 116th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
 MISS ANN MARIE DOLAN.....559 9th Street
 MISS BERNADETTE DOLAN.....559 9th Street
 MISS CECILIA DOLAN.....8405 88th St., Woodhaven, N. Y.
 MISS ELEANOR DOLAN.....184 Wintthrop Street
 MRS. M. THERESA DOLAN JANTON.....122 Beach St., Westwood, N. J.
 (Mrs. Howard)

MISS ANGELA DONALDSON.....528 4th Street
 MISS DOROTHY DONELON.....Garden City, L. I.
 MISS ISABELLE DONOHUE.....319 Webster Avenue
 MRS. EVELYN DOTZLER FELBER.....American Barracks, Tientsin, China
 (Mrs. Joseph)
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 MISS CONSTANCE DOYLE.....647 Macon Street
 MRS. MARGARET DOYLE DUNDERMAN.....1002 Foster Avenue
 (Mrs. W.)
 MISS MARGUERITE DOYLE.....75 Vanderbilt Avenue
 MISS VIRGILE DOYLE.....468 82nd Street
 MISS KATHLEEN M. DUGAN.....122 Bay 22nd Street
 MRS. AGNITA DUFFY O'CONNOR.....2558 Marion Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 (Mrs. Clarence Jos.)
 MISS MARIE DUFFY.....172 Schenectady Avenue
 MISS ANNA M. DUNNIGAN.....177 Rogers Avenue
 MISS KATHERINE DWYER.....629 Eastern Parkway
 MISS BARBARA ECKELS.....167-01 Highland Ave., Jamaica, L. I.
 MISS JOSEPHINE EPPIG.....Babylon, L. I.
 MISS MARION ELBERFELD.....260 Morris Avenue, Rockville Center, N. Y.
 MISS JEANETTE FARRELL.....221 Baltic Street
 MRS. VIOLET FARRELL CARTY.....61a 7th Avenue
 (Mrs. Patrick)
 MRS. RITA FEARON BRYAN.....51 Lawrence St., Lynbrook, L. I.
 (Mrs. George)
 MISS THERESA FELITTI.....405 E. 114th St., New York, N. Y.
 MISS MARGARET FERRY.....65 Midwood Street
 MISS GENEVIEVE FINN.....688 E. 4th Street
 MRS. KATHRYN FISHER TRACY.....168 E. 31st Street
 (Mrs. James)
 MISS MARGARET FITZGERALD.....3321 Avenue M
 MISS ROSEMARY FLEMING.....113 Toledo St., Elmhurst, L. I.
 MISS EVELYN FOPPIANI.....4228 S. 68th St., Winfield, L. I.
 MISS KATHLEEN A. FORD.....9352 205th St., Hollis, L. I.
 MRS. MYRTLE FOSTER WHITE.....1470 Glenwood Avenue
 (Mrs. H.)
 MISS CATHARINE FOURNIER.....1384 Troy Avenue
 MRS. VIRGINIA FOX COUGHLIN.....8615 Ft. Hamilton Parkway
 (Mrs. Robert C.)
 MISS AMY FRAAS.....110-34 St. Ann's Ave., Richmond Hill, L. I.
 MISS ALLENE FRISSE.....115-24 Grosvenor Pl., Kew Gardens, L. I.
 MISS ALICE GALLAGHER.....904 Lincoln Place
 MISS BERNADETTE GARVEY.....287 E. 18th Street
 MISS GERTRUDE GERETY.....957 E. 37th Street
 MISS THERESA M. GHILD.....605 7th Street
 MRS. CHRISTINE GIBSON DOUGHERTY.....11 Bedford Ave., Rockville Center, L. I.
 (Mrs. Louis)
 MISS CATHERINE GILLOON.....1215 Ocean Avenue
 MISS FILOMENA GIORGIO.....8913 88th Street, Woodhaven, N. Y.
 MRS. MARIE GLASSON BAUM.....1927 New York Avenue
 (Mrs. J.)
 MRS. ETHEL GLEASON SKINNER.....72 Ridgewood Avenue
 (Mrs. Melville)
 MISS MARY GOLDEN.....16 Polhemus Place
 MRS. ALICE GRAINGER HEAPHY.....522 Ocean Avenue
 (Mrs. William)
 MISS BEATRICE GREENBAUM.....1436 Bushwick Avenue
 MISS MARY GREENE.....195-03 Hillside Ave., Hollis, N. Y.

MISS HELEN GRIFFITHS.....611 Argyle Road
 MISS JULIA GUBITOSI.....491 18th Street
 MISS RUTH HAGEN.....1273 Park Place
 MRS. ISABEL HALL PERRY.....430 Clinton Avenue (c/o Hill)
 (Mrs. F.)
 MISS MARY HALLAHAN.....223 Manhattan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
 MISS ALICE HALLORAN.....61 Tompkins St., Tompkinsville, S. I., N. Y.
 MISS DOROTHY HANAGAN.....54 Sheppard Ave., Lynbrook, L. I.
 MISS DOROTHY HAND.....Cutchogue, L. I.
 MRS. CATHERINE HANNAN HINES.....1135 Woodbine Lane, Far Rockaway
 (Mrs. Arthur)
 MISS JEANETTE HANNAN.....2717 Avenue N
 MISS VERONICA HANNON.....101-57 111th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
 MRS. MARGARET HARNETT DRISCOLL.....665 E. 19th Street
 (Mrs. J.)
 MRS. ELSA HARPER McEVoy, JR.....6 Locust Ave., White Plains, N. Y.
 (Mrs. James H.)
 MRS. ALICE HARRIGAN BELL.....Plymouth Gardens, Atlantic Ave., Lynbrook, L. I.
 (Mrs. A.)
 MISS ANNA HARRIGAN.....243 Rutland Road
 MISS HELEN HARRISON.....422 E. 17th Street
 MISS GRACE HART.....311 16th Street
 MISS CATHERINE HAVERLIN.....77 Dikeman Street
 MISS ZITA HAWKINS.....417 Pacific Street
 MRS. MILDRED HAYES DONOHUE.....64 Locust Blvd., Valley Stream, L. I.
 (Mrs. Vincent)
 MRS. VIOLA HEARNS BELL.....201 Hancock Street
 (Mrs. Arleigh)
 MISS ELIZABETH HEBRON.....3439 32nd St., Astoria, N. Y.
 MISS BLANCHE HENNESSY.....2707 Newkirk Avenue
 MISS MARY HENNESSY.....162 Elderts Lane
 MISS MARJORIE HERTEL.....190-12 State St., Astoria, N. Y.
 MISS MARION HICKEY.....426 85th Street
 MISS MARIE HILT.....807 E. 8th Street
 MISS MARY HODGINS.....102-18 85th Drive, Richmond Hill, L. I.
 MISS TERESA HOFFMAN.....8576 87th St., Woodhaven, L. I.
 MISS SARAH HOLIEN.....142 Academy St., Astoria, L. I.
 MRS. ELEANOR HOWARD O'LEARY.....1 University Pl., New York, N. Y.
 (Mrs. A.)
 MRS. MARGARET HOWARD PONVERT, JR.....205 E. 17th Street
 (Mrs. E. K.)
 MISS BERNADETTE HUGHES.....2600 Ocean Avenue
 MISS GRACE HUNDEMANN.....590 Henderson Avenue, West Brighton, S. I.
 MISS MARY HUNT.....1872 E. 51st Street
 MISS MARY HURLEY.....59 Berkeley Place
 MISS MARY HUSCHLE.....241 Hillside Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.
 MISS CATHERINE IRWIN.....394 E. 18th Street
 MISS MARGARET JOHNSTON.....970 E. 19th Street
 MISS GERTRUDE JONES.....147 Columbia Heights
 MRS. ELIZABETH JUDGE HARTLEY.....61 Prospect Place
 (Mrs. William)
 MISS LUCY JUDICE.....2778 W. 15th Street
 MISS TERESA KEANE.....57 Van Buren Street
 MISS KATHLEEN KEARNEY.....28 W. 97th St., New York, N. Y.
 MISS MARIE KEEGAN.....30 Vanderbilt Ave., Floral Park, L. I.
 MISS CATHERINE M. KEELY.....2016 E. 19th Street
 MRS. MARGARET KEENAN MOYLES.....340 Maple Street
 (Mrs. William)

MRS. ETHEL KELLAM GRIEBE.....1415 Dorchester Road
 (Mrs. Robert)
 MISS MARY KELLER.....1561 E. 12th Street
 MISS MARIE KELLEY.....1519 Union Street
 MISS HELEN KELLHIER.....198 Lenox Road
 MISS AGNES KELLY.....1289 Brooklyn Avenue
 MRS. MARY KELLY HOERMANN.....1078 Bergen Street
 (Mrs. J.)
 MISS NORMA KELLY.....224-28 Chestnut St., Queens Village, L. I.
 MISS MARY KEMP.....189 8th Avenue
 MISS AGNES R. KENNY.....128 W. 91st Street, New York, N. Y.
 MISS ANNE KENNY.....222 Monroe Street
 MISS HELEN KENNY.....15 Wilson Ave., Lynbrook, L. I.
 MISS MARIE KIDD.....77 W. 104th St., New York, N. Y.
 MISS HELEN KILGALLEN.....664 59th Street
 MISS JEANETTE KLIPP.....2171 65th Street
 MISS RUTH KRAMER.....624 6th Street
 MISS LILLIAN KRAUS.....52 Magnolia Ave., Dumont, N. J.
 MISS FLORENCE KREISCHER.....229 Main St., Hempstead, L. I.
 MISS VIRGINIA LANDRY.....9214 Ridge Blvd.
 MISS KATHERINE LAVERY.....616 E. 19th Street
 MISS MARGARET LAVERY.....616 E. 19th Street
 MISS EILEEN LAVIN.....148-20 88th Ave., Jamaica, L. I.
 MISS IRENE LAVIN.....148-20 88th Ave., Jamaica, L. I.
 MISS RUTH LAVIN.....148-20 88th Ave., Jamaica, L. I.
 MISS EULALIA LAWSON.....Harrington Park, N. J.
 MISS DORIS LEAVY.....456 40th Street
 MRS. MARGARET LENNON MARTIN.....59 Burns Street, Forest Hills, L. I.
 (Mrs. Raymond)
 MISS IRENE LENT.....105-17 103rd Drive, Ozone Park, L. I.
 MISS GRACE LEWIS.....171-33 105th Ave., Jamaica, L. I.
 MISS HELEN LIVELLARA.....177 Patchen Avenue
 MISS MARY LOFTUS.....516 61st Street
 MISS GERTRUDE LOUGHLIN.....86 Broadway, Amityville, L. I.
 MISS ALITA LUDDER.....1438 Bushwick Avenue
 MRS. CATHERINE LYNCH KELLY.....404 Foster Avenue
 (Mrs. Earl)
 MRS. MARY LYNCH DELAMETER.....448 8th Street
 (Mrs. J.)
 MRS. MARGARET LYNCH O'TOOLE.....7022 Ridge Blvd.
 (Mrs. Arthur)
 MISS ETHEL MADDEN.....513 Lexington Avenue
 MISS RHODA MAGNOR.....7201 4th Avenue
 MISS MAY MAGRATH.....1322 Dean Street
 MISS MARY MANNING.....8023 Ridge Blvd.
 MISS TERESA MANNING.....9725 80th St., Ozone Park, N. Y.
 MISS MARY MARINO.....226 Troutman Street
 MISS LUCY MAGUIRE.....135 E. 30th St., New York, N. Y.
 MISS FLORENCE McBARRON.....76 Wilson Street
 MISS HELEN McCAFFREY.....581 Carlton Avenue
 MISS RITA McCAFFREY.....581 Carlton Avenue
 MRS. MURIEL McCARTHY JONES.....135 Prospect Park Southwest
 (Mrs. Meredith)
 MISS MARGARET McCAULEY.....528 58th Street
 MISS MARIE McCONNELL.....925 Putnam Avenue
 MISS RUTH McCORMACK.....133 Lefferts Avenue
 MRS. EDNA McCORMICK HIRST.....Mt. Pocono, Pa.
 (Mrs. Edward)

MISS ROSIMARY McDERMOTT.....302 W. 86th St., New York, N. Y.
 MRS. ANNA McDONALD DANNEMILLER.....264 Lincoln Road
 (Mrs. Edward)
 MISS ANNA McDONALD.....1250 Pacific Street
 MISS JULIA McDONNELL.....8565 111th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
 MISS MARY McDONNELL.....8565 111th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
 MISS MARY McGINNIS.....434 74th Street
 MISS LOUISE MCGOUGH.....229 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
 MISS FRANCES MCGUIRE.....152 Hewes Street
 MRS. ELEANOR McGRANE WARD.....1439 University Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 (Mrs. William Hogan)
 MISS ALICE McGRANE.....326 Bainbridge Street
 MISS HORTENSE MCGREVEY.....43 Roanoke Ave., Far Rockaway, N. Y.
 MISS CATHERINE McKENNA.....400 Clinton Avenue
 MRS. MARIE McKENNA DOYLE.....31 Miller Avenue, Hempstead, L. I.
 (Mrs. Palmer A.)
 MISS JULIA McKEON.....1379 E. 19th Street
 MISS ELEANOR McLoughlin.....404 4th Street
 MISS EILEEN J. McLoughlin.....361 First Street
 MISS EILEEN McLoughlin.....1485 E. 12th Street
 MISS CEDILIA McLoughlin.....1485 E. 12th Street
 MISS GERALDINE McMAHON.....445 Eastern Parkway
 MISS IRENE McMAHON.....308 St. James Place
 MISS VERONICA McNALLY.....8902 215th St., Queens Village, L. I.
 MISS EILEEN McNAMARA.....1279 E. 35th Street
 MISS CATHERINE McNEELY.....215 Prospect Place
 MISS MARGARET McNULTY.....126 Herkimer Street
 MISS MILDRED McNULTY.....476 Clinton Avenue
 MISS AGNES McSHANE.....687 Madison Street
 MISS MARY MEANY.....80 Clinton Ave., Lynbrook, L. I.
 MRS. MARGARET MEEHAN COPELAND.....925 Union Street
 (Mrs. George)
 MISS MARY MIDDLECAMP.....Westbury, L. I.
 MISS MARY MINER.....37 Midwood Street
 MISS MARY MIRABELLA.....247 Carroll Street
 MRS. ROSALIND MOLESPHINI SCHENONE.....150 Prospect Park West
 (Mrs. Roger)
 MRS. ELLEN MONAGHAN MCGOWAN.....3069 Villa Ave., Fordham, N. Y.
 (Mrs. A.)
 MRS. MAE MOORE WALDORF.....4313 Carpenter Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 (Mrs. Christopher)
 MISS DOROTHY MORAN.....446 Beechwood Pl., Westfield, N. J.
 MISS MARIE MULLIGAN.....236 84th Street
 MISS KATHLEEN MULROONEY.....972a St. Johns Place
 MRS. REGINA MUNZ MEYER.....6616 Austin Street, Forest Hills, N. Y.
 (Mrs. Francis J.)
 MISS DOROTHEA MURPHY.....8531 120th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
 MISS GERTRUDE MURPHY.....446 48th Street
 MISS MARGARET MURPHY.....3812 Avenue R
 MISS MARJORIE MURPHY.....212 West 8nd St., New York, N. Y.
 MISS EILEEN MURRAY.....882 Park Place
 MISS MARY MURRAY.....882 Park Place
 MISS MARION MYERS.....163 Forest Ave., Rockville Center, L. I.
 MISS FLORENCE NEWMAN.....758 E. 17th Street
 MISS HELEN NEWMAN.....758 E. 17th Street
 MRS. CHARLOTTE NOLAN MANNING.....203 Underhill Avenue
 (Mrs. E. R.)

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 (Mrs. William)
 MRS. MARJORIE NOLAN HIGGINS.....2015 Dorchester Road
 (Mrs. William J.)
 MISS AGNES NOONAN.....101 Lynbrook Ave., Lynbrook, L. I.
 MRS. KATHERINE NORMILE MYLOD.....150 Prospect Park West
 (Mrs. Charles)
 MISS MARGARET NORMILE.....314 8th Avenue
 MRS. GRACE O'BRIEN MARTIN.....1758 E. 14th Street
 (Mrs. Michael)
 MISS AGNES O'CONNOR.....176 Beach 123rd St., Rockaway Beach, N. Y.
 MRS. IDA O'CONNOR SMITH.....285 Hawthorne Street
 (Mrs. Norbert)
 MISS MARIE O'CONNOR.....247 Washington Avenue
 MISS MARGARET O'DONNELL.....514 10th Street
 MISS IRENE O'DWYER.....430 Clinton Avenue
 MISS CATHERINE O'HALE.....416 81st Street
 MISS ETHNE O'LEARY.....1732 E. 19th Street
 MRS. HONORA OLIVE REHEARSER.....120-27 142nd St., S. Ozone Park, N. Y.
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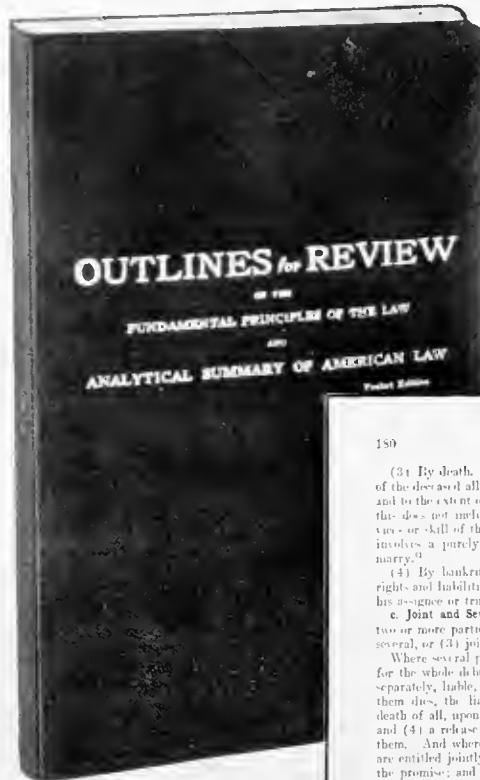
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150 THE SUBSTANTIVE LAW

(3) By death. Death passes to the executors or administrators of the decedent all rights of action in respect of the personal estate, and to the extent of his estate, all liabilities chargeable upon it, but this does not include (a) contracts dependent on the personal services or skill of the decedent, or (b) contracts the breach of which involves a purely personal loss, as in the case of a contract to marry.¹¹

(4) By bankruptcy. Under the bankruptcy act the contract rights and liabilities of the bankrupt are enforceable by and against his assignee or trustee.¹²

c. Joint and Several Contracts. A contract in which there are two or more parties on either or both sides may be (1) joint, (2) several, or (3) joint and several.

Where several parties join in a promise, (1) they are each liable for the whole debt or performance; (2) they are jointly, and not separately, liable, and must all be sued jointly; (3) where one of them dies, the liability devolves upon the survivors, and on the death of all, upon the personal representative of the last survivor; and (4) a release of one by the act of the promisee releases all of them. And where a promise is made to several jointly, (1) they are entitled jointly, and not separately, and must join in a suit on the promise; and (2) where one of them dies, the legal right devolves upon the survivors, and upon them alone.¹³

If two or more parties bind themselves severally to another in respect to the same matter or debt, their liability is separate and distinct, and they cannot be sued jointly. And if one party binds himself to several parties severally, the right to enforce the promise is separate, and not joint.¹⁴

Where a contract in respect to the promisors is both joint and several, (1) the promisee may sue all the promisors jointly or each one separately; and (2) if he sues jointly, he must sue all the promisors; he cannot sue less than all jointly. A promise cannot be so made in respect of one and the same matter as to entitle several persons under it both jointly and severally. They must be either entitled under it jointly only or severally only.¹⁵

Where one of several joint debtors pays the whole debt, he may, in the absence of an agreement to the contrary, enforce contribution from the others; that is, he may recover from them their proportionate share of the debt.¹⁶

Whether or not a contract with several persons on either or both

11. Ex. 2. Admrs. 25 C. J. § 323;

24 C. J. § 422; Clark 322.

12. Bankruptcy 7 C. J. § 146 et seq.

13. Contracts 13 C. J. § 557-564, Clark 279.

14. Contracts 13 C. J. § 553-556; Clark 381.

15. Contracts 13 C. J. § 565-569;

Clark Contr. 12d ed. 264.

16. Contribution 13 C. J. § 2 et seq.

Clark Contr. 12d ed. 384.

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